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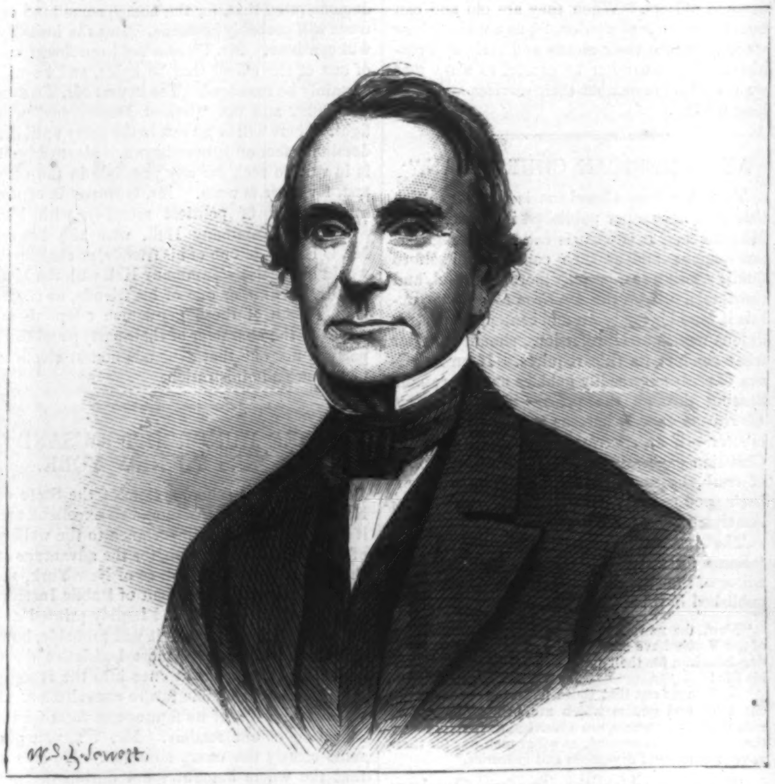
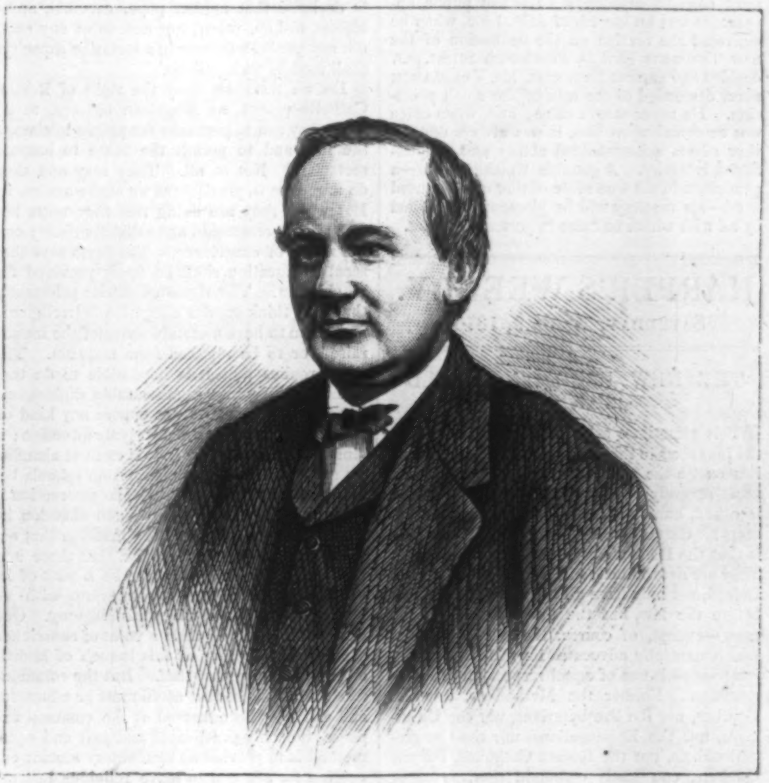


BISHOP THOMPSON.—[Photographed by Mrs. C. C. Goss.]



Mr. W. W. CORNELL.—[Photographed by Brady.]

BISHOP THOMPSON.

Dr. Edward Thompson, a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose portrait is given on this page, died March 22, at Wheeling, Virginia. Doctor Thompson was born near Portsmouth, England, in 1810. His parents belonged to the wealthier middle class, and the circumstances of his family secured him the advantages of an early education. While he was still very young, his father emigrated to this country, and settled at Wooster, Wayne County, Ohio. He received the best mental training the schools of the new country could afford, and ranked as an excellent Latinist. He studied medicine at Philadelphia, and commenced practice in the village where his parents resided. At this time he was a skeptic in religion, and with several other young men of similar convictions he formed an Infidel Club, to meet weekly and to seriously read and refute the Bible. The experiment resulted in Thompson's conviction of the inspiration of the Scriptures, and resulted in his embracing the faith which he had rejected. He entered the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in 1833, at the age of twenty-three, began work as a minister in what was then the Ohio Conference. From this time forward he was closely identified with the history of the Methodist Church in this country. In 1845 he was elected first President of the newly-founded Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware, Ohio, the first Methodist College in the State. He remained there fifteen years, bringing the institution to the leading position it now holds in the education of the West. In 1860 he succeeded Dr. Abel Stevens, the accomplished Church historian, in the editorship of *The Christian Advocate*, in New York. The General Conference of 1864 elected Dr. Thompson to the Episcopacy. He had been a member of every General Conference since 1840, and received the doctorate of divinity from Augusta College, Kentucky, in 1844, and that of laws from the Wesleyan University, Connecticut, in 1855. No man ever elected to the Methodist Episcopacy brought to his place a higher reputation either for learning or eloquence. His first work in this position was a voyage around the world on a visit to the Methodist missions in Germany, Bulgaria, India, and China. On his return he passed in review the work of the Church in California, Oregon, and the new Territories. The published volumes of Dr. Thompson are four, viz.: "Educational Essays," "Moral and Religious Essays," "Biographical and Incidental Sketches," and "Letters from Europe."

Mr. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.—[Photographed by Brady.]

Mr. W. W. CORNELL.

This gentleman, a "self-made man," and well known and esteemed for his Christian liberality and influence, died at Fort Washington, on the 17th of March, at the age of forty-seven. He was born on Long Island, January 1, 1823, and came to New York city when only twelve years old. His first employment here was as a blacksmith's apprentice. Fortunately for his future welfare his master was a religious man, and took him to the Jane Street Sunday-school, where he became a convert and joined the church with which the school was connected, of which in after-life he became the Superintendent. When still quite young, he established, with his brother, the iron-foundry in Centre Street which bears his name. With his increase of wealth his liberality kept pace; and he regularly bestowed a certain portion of his annual income in religious charities. He was also especially known to be the friend of struggling poor young men, remembering that he was like them once. His connection with the Sunday-school and Missionary Society of this city is well known to most of our readers, as its President and liberal benefactor. Ten years ago he joined the Fourth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and gave a large sum of money to its Sunday-school, of which he was Superintendent until a year ago, when he resigned the office. His liberality was bounded only by the limits of his means. On one occasion he purchased a lot, built a neat brick church in West Thirty-fifth Street, near Ninth Avenue, and on the day of dedication handed the deeds of the whole to the trustees. Another time he presented $2000 to the East Eleventh Street Church; and most of the benevolent enterprises of the Methodist Episcopal Church have received material aid from him. Mr. Cornell's income amounted to about $215,000 a year. He had a fine house, No. 41 Grove Street, and his residence at Fort Washington, which he recently purchased.

GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

We give on this page the portrait of the late Gulian C. Verplanck, whose death, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, was mentioned in our issue of last week. A descendant of one of the old Dutch *families* that originally settled Manhattan Island, he was born in New York city in August, 1786. He graduated from Columbia College in 1801, studied law, and, after being admitted to practice, passed several years in Europe. On his return to this country he was elected to the State Legislature, and took active part in the exciting political discussions of the time. His satirical pamphlets, directed against De Witt Clinton and his friends, attracted general attention. He was again a member of the State Legislature in 1820. In the following year he was elected to the chair of the "Evidences of Christianity" in the General Protestant Episcopal Seminary of this city. Soon after he published essays on the "Nature and Uses of the various Evidences of Revealed Religion," and in 1825 a work on the "Doctrine of Contracts." The same year he was elected a Member of Congress, and held that position eight years. He was an earnest advocate of the extension of the term of copyright from twenty-eight to forty-two years—a measure which was passed in 1831. His most important literary work was his large edition of Shakspeare, the first volume of which appeared in 1844, and the last in 1847. After the close of his Congressional career Mr. Verplanck held several important offices of trust in this State. He was President of the Board of Emigration Commissioners from the time of its organization in 1847, and one of the Governors of the New York Hospital. The Century Club of this city counted him among its founders and most efficient supporters. His last public appearance was on the 4th of July, 1868, when he delivered the oration on the dedication of the new Tammany Hall in Fourteenth Street. A decided and earnest Democrat, Mr. Verplanck never descended to the arts of the small politician. He never sought office; and, when office was conferred upon him, it was always done in view of his acknowledged ability and unquestioned integrity. A genuine Knickerbocker—a gentleman in the true sense of that much-abused word—his memory will be pleasantly cherished by all with whom he came in personal contact.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, April 9, 1870.

THE NEW FACE OF AN OLD PARTY.

It is sometimes asked why, of all the religious sects in this country, the Roman Catholics excite the most hostility, and are oftenest most severely denounced. Have they not, it is asked, exactly the same rights as all other sects? Certainly they have; but the difficulty is that the Roman clergymen are not satisfied. They are determined to be a political party also. Indeed, not only have all the sects equal rights before the law, but the uniform tone of the press—except, of course, the religious press, which naturally advocates its various theological views—is one of equal respect for all communions. Neither the Methodists, nor the Baptists, nor the Presbyterians, nor the Unitarians, nor the Episcopalians, nor the Congregationalists, nor the Roman Catholics, nor the Quakers, can justly complain that, as sects, they are not treated with the utmost impartiality and respect in all newspaper discussions. What is called the attack upon the Roman Catholics is properly the attack of the Roman Catholic clergymen upon an integral part of our political system. The government absolutely severs Church from State; and every body in dealing with the State leaves his sectarian views behind him, except the Roman priest. The rest of us are not Presbyterians and Baptists and Methodists when we take part in politics; we are American citizens only. But the Roman priest insists that he and his sect shall be regarded by the State as Romanists. It is the instinctive opposition to that claim which is called the attack upon the Roman Catholics.

The Roman Church, which for so long a time controlled the chief governments in the world, has never relinquished the theory that the ecclesiastical, or what it preferred to call the religious, authority was, necessarily, superior to the temporal. Hence the Pope claimed the right to dethrone kings and release subjects from their allegiance. This was the doctrine and the practice of Gregory VII. Clement VII. absolved the subjects of Henry VIII. from their duty, as Innocent III. had absolved those of King John. Thus the Roman Catholic leaders have always chosen to be a political party, while they have claimed the immunity of a religious sect. It was this fatal folly that led to the execution of Campian and the Seminary priests in England under Elizabeth. The country was full of the emissaries of Philip and the Pope, stirring up conspiracy against the Government. It was simply a struggle for life and death. Campian would not say that he believed the Pope could not absolve the political allegiance of the subject. That was the notorious doctrine of his Church; and, therefore, when some one exclaimed, "In your Catholicism all treason is contained!" he expressed a very general feeling. Campian declared that he was executed for being a Roman Catholic. The truth is that he was punished for inculcating, at a most critical moment, the doctrine that a Roman Bishop was the political superior of the English Queen—a doctrine which, at the time and under the circumstances, was intolerable.

When the English Roman Catholics sought release from their political disabilities a century ago they repudiated this doctrine, and the "seminaries" upon the Continent also expressly denied it. But the Pope now reasserts it, and unquestionably with great logical force. The clergy of his Church in this country support his position by demanding that one of the fundamental conditions of this government—namely, the total separation of Church and State—shall be abolished. They deny, indeed, that they demand it. Rev. Mr. Preston says, in urging a division of the school fund: "The State has nothing to do with religion; it only recognizes the fact that there are so many children who belong to a particular communion, and gives to them their proportion of the fund." But surely Mr. Preston sees that when the State does this it recognizes sects, while non-recognition of sects is the very essential point. When the State does what he suggests, it educates the children not as citizens but as Methodists, Baptists, and Romanists. And precisely because experience has taught the people the deplorable consequences of doing this very thing did they prohibit the State from knowing who belonged to one "particular communion" and who to another. The people have imperatively declared that neither pope, cardinal, archbishop, bishop, priest, nor deacon of any sect, nor any person whatever in a sectarian capacity, shall meddle with politics.

Do we therefore deny the right of Roman Catholic priests, as American citizens, to do what they can to persuade the people to change the law, and to permit the State to become sectarian? Not at all. They may and they do argue for it, precisely as we argue against it. But while they are doing this they must not talk about persecution and religious liberty and the rights of conscience. The State says that secular education shall be freely provided for all children. The Roman Catholic priests say that they think secular education is irreligious, and claim to have a certain share of the money raised, or to be released from taxation. The State replies that it is impossible to do that without falling into immeasurable difficulties; but, of course, it does not oppose any kind of religious instruction under private direction; it simply declines to give it. It can not abandon its system of free and unsectarian schools because of a plea that mere secular instruction is irreligious, any more than it can abandon its laws against bigamy, and the taxation that enforces them, because of a plea that there is a sect which holds polygamy to be a part of its religion. The State will interfere with no man's religion, but it will punish bigamy. One class of citizens may raise a point of conscience against the teaching of this branch of knowledge, another against that. But the commonsense of all shows that as all must be educated, and can best be educated at the common expense, the only practicable and just and equal method is to provide an elementary secular education for all, and to leave religious instruction to the direction of parents. This is what the Roman priests as politicians oppose, and insist that not to yield to them is to coerce their conscience! So the old slavery party used to urge that to forbid slavery in the Territories was to deny equal rights and to withstand Christianity. They were mistaken; and the new party will discover that it is mistaken also.

AN UNKIND BLOW.

Economy is a good thing, but gratitude is a better. If there is any class of faithful servants of this country who do their duty well and silently, and do not blow their own trumpets, it is the military and naval officers. Of none are more serious sacrifices required. None, as a rule, are more wretchedly paid. And none bear with more uncomplaining fortitude the blows that are aimed at them. A few weeks since we called attention to the law which forbade retired army officers to be detailed for certain duties for which they were especially qualified—a prohibition which very seriously reduced their incomes, and in announcing which General Sherman could not help expressing his sympathy and regret. It was a law which said to not more than a hundred men who had given their lives to the honorable defense of the flag, and who had no other possible resource: "We want to save a few thousand dollars, and you may go to—pasture." There was not one officer unnecessarily straitened and insulted by that law who would not be justified in regretting that he had ever entered the service of the United States.

But, as if this were not enough, the 11th section of General Logan's Army bill, which passed the House under the previous question, strikes this class of officers another blow. This section forbids such officers to accept any civil office, under penalty of vacating their commissions. We are very glad to see that General Sherman, in a letter to Mr. Wilson, the Chairman of the Senate Military Committee, protests earnestly against this further outrage. It has been uniformly the custom for such officers to fill certain civil offices, for which their personal disability was no disqualification, and for which their exact habits and training peculiarly fitted them. Nor has their discharge of such duties been discreditable to them or injurious to the country. Indeed, as General Sherman says, other countries rather seek out those officers who have been honorably retired, to elevate them to civil posts of profit and honor. The other day it was proposed in Portland to nominate General Fessenden, who lost his leg in battle, and is retired, as Mayor. Had this been done, and had General Logan's bill become the law, General Fessenden, whose misfortune is the monument of his patriotic service, and who has been disabled and impoverished under the law of which we spoke the other day, must have declined, or have lost his commission.

When such objections were made in the course of the debate upon the Army bill, some Representative said, "If officers don't like the law, let them resign their commissions." We do not like to characterize such a remark as it deserves. It is not the officers only who dislike such a law. The people will not like it when they know it; for it is a harsh and unkind law. Anxious for economy, it is not by paring the lean salaries of a few faithful officers, partially disabled in the service of the country, that the people wish to save money. We have learned in desperate extremity the value of trained and devoted officers. When they are old and can not change their profession, let us not study how we may reduce their means and their opportunities. Let us rather be careful to show that we gratefully remember their services and their long fidelity.

AN "AMERICAN CHURCHMAN."

The *American Churchman* is the suggestive title of a newspaper published in Chicago and Milwaukee. It is what is called a "religious" newspaper; and as such commends itself to family reading as especially moral, truthful, and charitable. Now, the *American Churchman*, unless it would bring scorn and contempt upon religious names and professions, should consider what conduct its title requires. If an *American Churchman* greedily gobbles up foul rumors floating through the press—if an *American Churchman* eagerly hastens to defame a fellow-laborer—if an *American Churchman* illustrates Christian generosity and charity, and the love of truth, by unclean aspersion upon a neighbor's good name, what dirty work is left for an American layman?

The *American Churchman*, under the head of "Fame for Sale," alludes to a portrait of the editor of the New York *Sun* which was recently published in this paper, and then says:

> "Now, the newspapers inform us, the proprietors of the *Weekly* have sued Mr. Dana for an unpaid bill due from him for their publication of his picture and his life!
>
> "So it turns out that those flattering estimates of character and genius which are printed under the names of their owners, are advertisements paid for by the gentlemen interested, as other men pay for their advertisements of dry-goods and groceries."

The story which the *American Churchman* thus adopts, and the conclusions to which it willingly springs, are equally false. And the next time the *American Churchman* sees a suspicious calumny in a newspaper, instead of snatching it up as a delicious morsel for Sunday reading in religious families, suppose it should borrow a little Christianity, and reflect that a story is not necessarily true because it is injurious.

THE MILLENNIUM POSTPONED.

The comedy of expecting a real reform and purification of the government of the city of New York from the "honest Democracy" is only surpassed by the farce of their total discomfiture. And thus it was. A dozen years ago the police was appointed by the Mayor, and the consequences of the system were so disastrous and menacing that citizens of all parties demanded a new system, and the Metropolitan Police was established. It has been one of the most admirable and efficient bodies for its purpose ever known in the country; and its service in the most perilous moment of the history of the city—the riots of 1863—is a subject of the justest pride. Every good citizen has but to reflect what would have been the situation of affairs at that time under Fernando Wood's police.

It has been a favorite theory of the party to which we owe those riots that the Metropolitan Police was inconsistent with "local self-government," and they have announced that when they obtained power they would restore to the oppressed city the right of choosing its own police. The party obtained power by fraud, and instantly it appeared that it was divided into two factions—those who "managed matters" and reaped the profits of power, and those who did not but who wished to. The latter made the air resound with ominous cries. They would destroy the Ring; they would wage war to the knife, and so on. They were the "Young Democracy"—the "honest Democracy"—and their organ affected surprise that those who were perfectly familiar with these gentlemen did not take their word that they were very much honester than other people. Politics were to be purified. Elections were to be honest. The city was to govern itself. The police were to be the creation of the voters. Rings were to be broken.

Those who believed the Millennium to be at hand arrayed themselves in robes of expectation and went out upon the house-tops. Those of less faith looked quietly on, heard the vociferations of honesty and reform, saw the suspicious communications between the camps of the factions, and finally beheld, as the method of political purification and annihilation of corruption offered by the "honest Democracy," a proposition that Fernando Wood's police system should be restored! At that revelation the expectants of the Millennium removed their robes and descended. It was plainly a simple question whether honest Mr. O'Brien or honest Mr. Sweeny should control the plunder of the city; and when the issue was made honest Mr. O'Brien had the worst of it. For one day his organ was speechless; the next it waved its hat and shouted, "This is indeed victory!" So thought Mr. Sweeny. Both were apparently satisfied. And as the Metropolitan Police, the only security of order in the city, remains, so undoubtedly think all good citizens.

Of course so violent a party tempest will have various consequences. The power of Mr. Sweeny and his friends indeed has been so signally demonstrated that, for the nonce, some kind of truce will probably be made. But the hostility will continue. Mr. Tweed has been thrust out of one of the offices that he holds, and he will certainly be revenged. The honest Mr. Tweed will fight, and the "honest Democracy" will fight. There will be no rest in the party until the dominant faction is overthrown. Meanwhile it is in vain to seek for any principle in the contest, for there is none. Mr. O'Brien is of the same school of political morality with Mr. Sweeny. Tammany Hall, with the honest Mr. O'Brien, or one of his friends, as chairman, would be precisely Tammany Hall with the honest Mr. Tweed, or one of his friends, as chairman. Both of those gentlemen adapt themselves to the character of their party; and their party is not one that demands honest elections nor a pure administration.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DANGERS TO NEW YORK.

The common school system of the State of New York is so extensive and so excellent, and it is of such primary importance to the welfare of the State, that we wish, for the advantage of the whole country, as well as of New York, the report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction might be cheaply and legibly printed and universally diffused. As it will probably, however, share the fate of most legislative documents, and disappear at once into the recesses of libraries for possible future consultation, we will rescue a few of its figures and facts for the reflection of our readers. Mr. Weaver presents clearly the exact situation. He tells us that the whole amount spent during the past year for the support of the educational system, including, besides the expenses of the common schools, the State appropriations for academies, teachers' institutes, normal schools, Indian schools, the Cornell University, the Board of Regents, the current expenses of the Department of Instruction, and the printing account, and excluding the appropriations for charitable institutions with schools, was $10,107,289 35. Of this sum $6,092,180 59 were spent for teachers' wages, and $2,455,453 01 for school-houses, sites, furniture, repairs, etc.

Mr. Weaver further tells us that the whole number of persons in the State between five and twenty-one years of age is 1,463,299, and the whole number of these who have attended the public and private schools and colleges for some time during the year is $1,160,766; so that there are 300,000 children in New York who attend no school whatever. We have yet something to learn of the Old World; for in several of the German states it is very difficult to find any person of either sex who can not read. The German children are compelled to go to school, and for the best of reasons. Of the whole number who have been to school for some time during the year, 998,664 went to the public schools; but the average daily attendance was only 468,421. The number that have been at private schools, colleges, etc., is 162,102. The whole number of teachers in the public schools was 28,310, of which 22,080 were women, and 6230 men. The average salary of these teachers is a wretched pittance. In the cities the average weekly wages of the teachers was $15 16; in the country, $7 86; average in the State, $10 09. Mr. Weaver does not state, as we wish he had, whether the women are paid equal wages for equal time and labor with the men.

The Superintendent's views, which are very forcibly stated, upon the question of a change in the organization of the present State supervision of education, and his remarks upon the proposed abolition of the Board of Regents of the University, we shall consider next week. To the citizens of this State, and indeed of the country, the grave fact mentioned in the report is that, with a generous school system wisely administered, there are three hundred thousand children in the State of New York who are growing up without any school instruction whatever. Other education, and of the most dangerous kind to the public order, they are of course constantly acquiring. And if any young political aspirant in the State is looking for an object of vital importance, let him devote himself to getting those three hundred thousand children into school.

The Superintendent does not speak directly of the Bible question. But he says, with great truth, "The strength of the system consists in the general conviction of its necessity, and in the unoffending fairness with which its advantages are dispensed. Nothing is taught by authority in the public schools except plain elementary facts and principles, which it is good for all to know, and which, if the State has any right to educate, may properly be inculcated. Whenever an attempt may be made to introduce exercises which are objectionable, either because they are intrinsically bad or because they are foreign to the true purpose of the schools, the power to restrain and correct the irregularity is ample and convenient." This is remarkably well said; and the State is fortunate in having so sagacious an officer at the head of one of its most important departments.

TRADE.

A commission house which sold the extra-super carpets of a manufacturer on Long Island informed the latter a few days ago that, owing to the fall in gold and the corresponding decline in the price of foreign carpets, his make could be sold at not exceeding one dollar per yard, two off for cash in ten days, which was a fall of about seventeen cents per yard within the last six months. His reply was: As soon as my looms are emptied—which is done when the respective pieces are completed—I shall haul off, as there is no money in the business at that price. At Kensington, which is the principal seat of the manufacture of ingrain carpets, nearly one-half of the establishments, large and small, have either stopped their looms or diminished their production. The larger establishments for the manufacture of carpets in the Eastern States still go on, as they have the financial strength which permits it, and in time the stoppage of other mills accrues to their benefit.

The Kensington carpet weavers, in the latter part of 1869, refused to take the wages which the manufacturers were willing to pay, and struck for a higher rate. After a long-continued contest the weavers submitted; but the manufacturers, owing to the price of wool, the fall in gold, and the inability to dispose of their products, could not furnish employment. The weavers have been great sufferers, but have saved the manufacturer the very heavy losses which would have been made had the production continued at its former height.

Flour is as low now as in *ante bellum* times. Petroleum, of which we exported in 1869 about one hundred and six millions of gallons, is down for refined white to about 26¼ cents per gallon; and cotton, which at this time last year was selling at 29 cents for middling, sells now at 22½. It is almost useless to say that, with these serious causes at work, trade is very much disturbed in all quarters of the Union.

There are many in the receipt of fixed compensation who congratulate themselves that a large portion of the articles of consumption and wear are reduced in price to their advantage. This view is unsound, inasmuch as the present state of trade reaches those who, like the carpet weavers, produce neither food nor clothing. It is always the true interest of both producers and consumers that their relations to each other should be beneficial to both.

The grain producer of the vast Northwest has been unable for several months to sell his wheat at a profit; and what is the consequence? If he holds on to his crop, or sells at a loss, in either case his bills to the store-keeper are unpaid. At the present moment there is universal complaint of the trade from that quarter. The retail merchant of the West says that his fall stock has been so badly sold as to prevent the usual activity for purchases this spring. He buys, therefore, to supply only immediate wants. The effect of this on the laborer appears in the fact stated in Western newspapers, that farm hands have been discharged in unusual quantities. No class in the United States can felicitate itself at this condition of affairs. The foreigner, however, who obtains our great exports of cotton, grain, and petroleum at low prices, derives greater advantage than disadvantage from the depression here which produces this result, because his customers embrace all commercial nations; and our weakness as one of them is consequently less appreciated, although it seriously affects him.

The question is one of great interest when this depression will terminate and trade shall be restored. There are few subjects on which there is such diversity of opinion; but whenever there are any signs of real improvement we shall present them with great satisfaction.

Many individuals suppose that we are now on the road to specie payments; and they consequently argue that, until that position is reached, and its full effects felt and overcome, there will be no improvement in trade. Another, and an extensive and more sagacious class, suppose that gold will not fall much, if any, below its present price; that it will remain down only temporarily; that its fall to nearly a level with legal tenders has been discounted in the price of many commodities; and they have acted on this view, and given partial activity to trade during the past week.

If we shall reach specie payments by any process now on foot, the former class will come out right; if not, then the latter will be deemed the wiser. It is material, therefore, to know precisely how the case stands.

Mr. Boutwell, in his December report, made to Congress, stated that it will not be wise to resume specie payments while so large a part of the interest-bearing debt of the country is represented by Five-Twenty bonds, and held by European merchants, bankers, and manufacturers. He asked authority from Congress to be permitted to redeem the legal-tender currency at the rate of two millions of dollars per month, in order to bring us gradually and without disaster "into a condition when the resumption of specie payments will be easy, if not unavoidable." It can scarcely be supposed, therefore, that the Treasury Department, in its recent policy of putting down the price of gold, intends to reach specie payments without doing what was deemed necessary in December. The Funding bill contains some provisions which look to this end; but the opinion widely prevails that they will not be adopted by the House of Representatives. It is safe, therefore, to conclude that to reach specie payments during the present derangements is not only not expected, but impossible. The apprehension that we are going there stands in the way of trade; its removal must have the effect to promote activity.

The circumstances favorable to some activity soon to commence are these: that all products are as low, with the exception, perhaps, of cotton, as they are likely to be; that no advantage will be gained by delay in making purchases; that Europe will be obliged to take our surplus of grain and petroleum at improved prices, and cotton at very nearly the present price; and that the supply of our forty millions of population is an immense affair, although their consumption of articles may be diminished.

In conversation with a distinguished merchant from Berlin, who arrived only a few days ago, he said, "We ordinarily export grain; but, owing to the harvest of last year, and the very cold and changeable weather of the winter, we shall need flour from you." The London and Liverpool markets for grain have stiffened; and it is clear that there will be a still larger improvement in the United States. On the whole, therefore, it would seem that the worst, for the present, has been reached, and that a better state of things will prevail, although we can not let the occasion pass without stating that the condition of affairs is not satisfactory.

AN INSTANT DUTY.

The case of Mr. Consul Phillips, at Santiago de Cuba, as stated in a letter to the *Tribune*, is one that requires the active interference of the Government. Mr. Phillips wrote a letter to the State Department expressing views which were distasteful to some persons in Santiago. Those persons decided to molest the Consul, if not to assassinate him. He applied to the Governor for protection, and the Governor told him that he had better leave the town, as he could not protect him. Thereupon the American Consul, under protection of the English Consul, went on board a French steamer and departed.

If this story be true it is inexpressibly humiliating. If it be untrue, the *Tribune* in publishing it has done a serious injury to the Cuban cause. But assuming it to be true, the Government should at once inform the Governor-General of Cuba that as his subordinates are unable to protect American citizens and officers, their own Government will protect them. Nor, if this story be true, would an apology be a sufficient atonement. The circumstances show that it is an offense which is likely to be repeated upon the first occasion; and, therefore, the United States should require the punishment of those whose conduct drove the Consul to find safety in flight. If civilized government has disappeared in Cuba we certainly need no consuls there. If it has not, it must be held to its responsibility. The stories of the ferocity of the Spanish volunteers are not new. It is not for the first time reported that they are the masters of the Governor-General; and it is very important that we should sift such reports when events apparently justify them.

No better opportunity can offer than this. Let the Government show that it will not tolerate the least assumption by the Spaniards in Cuba of an indifference to the smallest right, not only of the representatives of the country, but of the most private and friendless American citizen. And while it is inquiring let the Government also investigate the statement from Cape Haytien that an officer of the United States steamer *Severn* boarded by force a Danish schooner in that port, under pretense that the republic of San Domingo is under the protection of the United States, and that the Danish vessel was carrying contraband of war. While we take care that our citizens are not oppressed, let us see also that they do not oppress. The remembrance of the affair at Greytown is by no means a proud one.

NOTES.

The *Christian Union* is correct. Technically the United States have not been neutral between Spain and Cuba. Our laws, as we have constantly stated, permit Spain advantages in our ports which they deny to Cuba, because Cuba is not an independent Power nor a recognized belligerent. But morally we have been neutral, inasmuch as we have shown no hostility to either side, and have simply insisted upon a faithful observance of our own laws.

Senator Creamer, a Democratic politician in the city of New York, whose sources of information are known to be ample, said the other day in the New York Legislature, "I trust that all other legislation will in a manner cease until laws are passed that will protect the purity of the ballot-box, and give the people of New York in fact what they have now only in name—a republican form of government......What a farce it is for us to sit here and legislate as representatives in a republican government, when the election system upon which such a government rests has been undermined, and is as corrupt as hell!" Last September the *World* said that its editor "saw by what shameless and cunning frauds such corruptionists of the Ring as William M. Tweed and Oakey Hall cut down below its level the rightful vote of the electors of Horatio Seymour." Yet Mr. Creamer and the *World* now claim to be "honest" Democrats because they favored a bill which gave the same "Oakey Hall" the appointment of the Police Commissioners.

Congress has decided, and wisely, not to pursue polygamy with fire and sword. There are laws against bigamy, and if these can not be enforced in a polygamous community the consequences of enforcing them by the sword would be disastrous. There is no proof that the Mormons are united upon the subject; and it is tolerably clear that the resistless Westward roll of civilization, and time, which will presently remove Brigham Young, will also peacefully dispose of this "twin relic of barbarism."

The editor of a certain Magazine in Philadelphia (not *Lippincott's*) read an anonymous remark in the *Galaxy*, and thereupon charged a well-known literary gentleman, by name, as the writer, and as guilty of gross plagiarism, and proceeded to lecture him upon "copying blunders" and "stolen apples." The gentleman in question replied with a wholesome severity. What right, he demands of the editor, had you "to suppose" in such a matter? What right to go behind an editorial impersonality, and to make a supposition the ground of a public accusation of literary dishonesty and of personal sneers? The castigator chooses his words, and each one rings and tells. The offense which he punishes, as he justly says, "casts a taint on periodical writing." Let us who are of the literary profession at least respect our calling, if we can not shine in it.

The *College Review* reported a speech of the Rev. Mr. Frothingham's at the dinner of the Harvard Club, and very mistakenly attributed to him certain views in regard to the Indians. The error was pointed out to the editor, and he corrected it with an apology. But in his report he had added that Mr. Frothingham held peculiar views on "certain social topics," which, had it been true, could have been mentioned for no other purpose than to excite prejudice against Mr. Frothingham. The editor's attention being drawn to this point, he says that, as he "unequivocally condemned" the sentiments upon the Indians, he was "surely justified" in alluding to the newspaper reports of the speaker's views upon other subjects! This is as if A, misunderstanding B's views upon the tariff, should consider himself justified in remarking that B was popularly supposed to be inclined to stealing. Are we "justified" in repeating scandal about persons whose supposed views we do not like?

Governor Chamberlain of Maine lately returned a bill to the Legislature regulating the sale of liquors, which he says seemed to him in some of its provisions "extraordinary," and that "grave doubts" rose in his mind; but as the bill had passed both Houses without opposition, he had signed it. Now it seems to us that this was precisely the case for which the veto power is provided. The intention of that power is not to defeat, but to perfect legislation. If, therefore, serious objections occur to the Governor which, presumably, have not occurred to the Legislature, he returns the bill with the objections. If the Legislature is of opinion that they are valid, it reconsiders its vote. If not, it would—in this case—affirm its previous opinion, and the law would be stronger than ever because the objections would have been weighed. It is urged in defense of Governor Hoffman's signature of the Erie bill in this State, that it had received very little opposition in the Legislature; but that was a fact which, under the circumstances, should have made it still more suspicious to the Governor.

A very striking complement to Senator Revels's statement of the Southern colored population during the war is furnished by Mr. Edward A. Pollard in an article in *Lippincott's Magazine* for April. Mr. Pollard was one of the most thorough of rebels; but he says of the freedman, that he shows "a capacity for education that has astonished none more than his former masters; that he has given proofs of good citizenship which are constantly increasing; that his development since emancipation is a standing surprise to candid observers among the Southern whites themselves; that his condition since then has been, on the whole, that of progress, and in the face of difficulties that would soon have tested and broken down that progress had it been factitious or dishonest; and that, so far from being a stationary barbarian or a hopeless retrograde, the formerly despised black man promises to become a true follower of the highest civilization, a new object of interest to the world, and an exemplary citizen of the South."

The great popularity of Paris with Americans who visit the continent of Europe, and make that magnificent capital their head-quarters while abroad, has drawn thither quite a large colony of American bankers, whose houses offer not only the necessary financial facilities to our traveling countrymen, but furnish pleasant reading-rooms, where the principal American newspapers and magazines may be found, and opportunities afforded for receiving and writing letters, social intercourse, etc. Among the houses recently established there is a branch of the eminent Philadelphia banking firm of Drexel & Co. Their Paris office is situated in the Rue Scribe, where they propose to transact all kinds of banking business, with special reference to the wants of the traveling public. They also take charge of correspondence or papers directed to their care, and of surplus baggage, jewelry, and other valuables that may be deposited with them. Travelers who intrust their affairs to them will find them liberal in their dealings, and in every way worthy of confidence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 21.—In the Senate, the greater part of the day was taken up with debate on the Georgia bill, the question being upon Mr. Drake's amendment, authorizing the President to dispatch troops to any section of the State represented to be in insurrection. No vote was taken.—In the House, a large number of new bills were introduced, among them several granting aid to new railroad enterprises in the extreme West, and one for the promotion of commerce and amity with Mexico, by encouraging our own citizens to aid the Mexicans in developing their resources.

March 22.—In the Senate, a bill was reported to promote the civilization of Indians, and to prepare them for the rights and duties of citizenship. The case of General Ames, as Senator elect from Mississippi, was debated at length, but without action. A proposition to discuss treaties in open session was rejected.—In the House, a bill in regard to polygamy in Utah was discussed at length, but not acted on.

March 23.—Nothing was done in the Senate, and very little in the House. A message was received from the President in reference to the decline of American commerce, but it was withdrawn and laid on the Speaker's table. The consideration of the Utah Polygamy bill was resumed, and after further discussion the bill was passed by a vote of 94 to 32.

March 24.—The Senate was in secret session on the San Domingo treaty.—The principal business in the House was the final report of the Military Committee on the sale of cadetships, the substance of which was that there were no more cases to be acted upon. The Committee reported a bill requiring cadets to reside one year in the district.

March 25.—Among the bills introduced in the Senate was one in relation to the reduction of the army. It adopts and agrees substantially with the one passed by the House, but provides further for reducing the number of enlisted men to 25,000. Among the bills reported was one to increase the mail steam-ship service between this country and China and Japan.—In the House, the debate on the Tariff was resumed, and occupied the greater part of the day.

March 26.—The Senate was not in session.—The House gave the whole day to debate on the Tariff bill.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The only business of general importance in the New York Legislature, since our last issue, was done on Tuesday, March 22, when the bills relating to New York city and county were considered. After ordering the Police bill, the Supervisors bill, and the Charter to a third reading in Committee of the Whole, a motion was made in the House to recommit the Police bill, with instructions to strike out the enacting clause. The question was divided, and the enacting clause was stricken out by a vote of 70 to 42. An effort to reconsider the vote failed. The Supervisors bill and the new Charter shared the same fate, the enacting clauses being stricken out by a vote of 67 to 45. A motion to reconsider was lost, and leave to sit again on the Supervisors bill was refused. These results, which were entirely unexpected, were brought about by a combination of Democrats and Republicans. Leading Democrats assert that money was freely used to influence the action of the "bolters" from their party, and at one time a serious division in their ranks was imminent.

General Pleasonton has been confirmed as Collector of the Thirty-second New York District, in place of Bailey, removed.

Pierre Soulé died at New Orleans March 26, aged sixty-nine.

The fire which broke out in the Gold Hill mines, Nevada, a year ago, is said to be still smouldering among the timbers, 700 feet below the surface.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Emperor of France has written a letter to M. Ollivier, suggesting a number of important civil reforms, designed to restore constitutional government to France. They relate mainly to the division of legislative power between the two Chambers. The Orleansists, it is said, indorse the plan, and one of the opposition organs accepts it as a "restoration of the parliamentary régime," while another terms it "an antidote to the *coup d'état* of December."

The trial of Prince Bonaparte, at Tours, has resulted in the acquittal of the Prince, the jury returning a verdict after an hour's absence. He is, however, held in custody under a demand for damages amounting to 100,000 francs, made by the civil prosecutor. The news of his acquittal was received in Paris and elsewhere with astonishment.

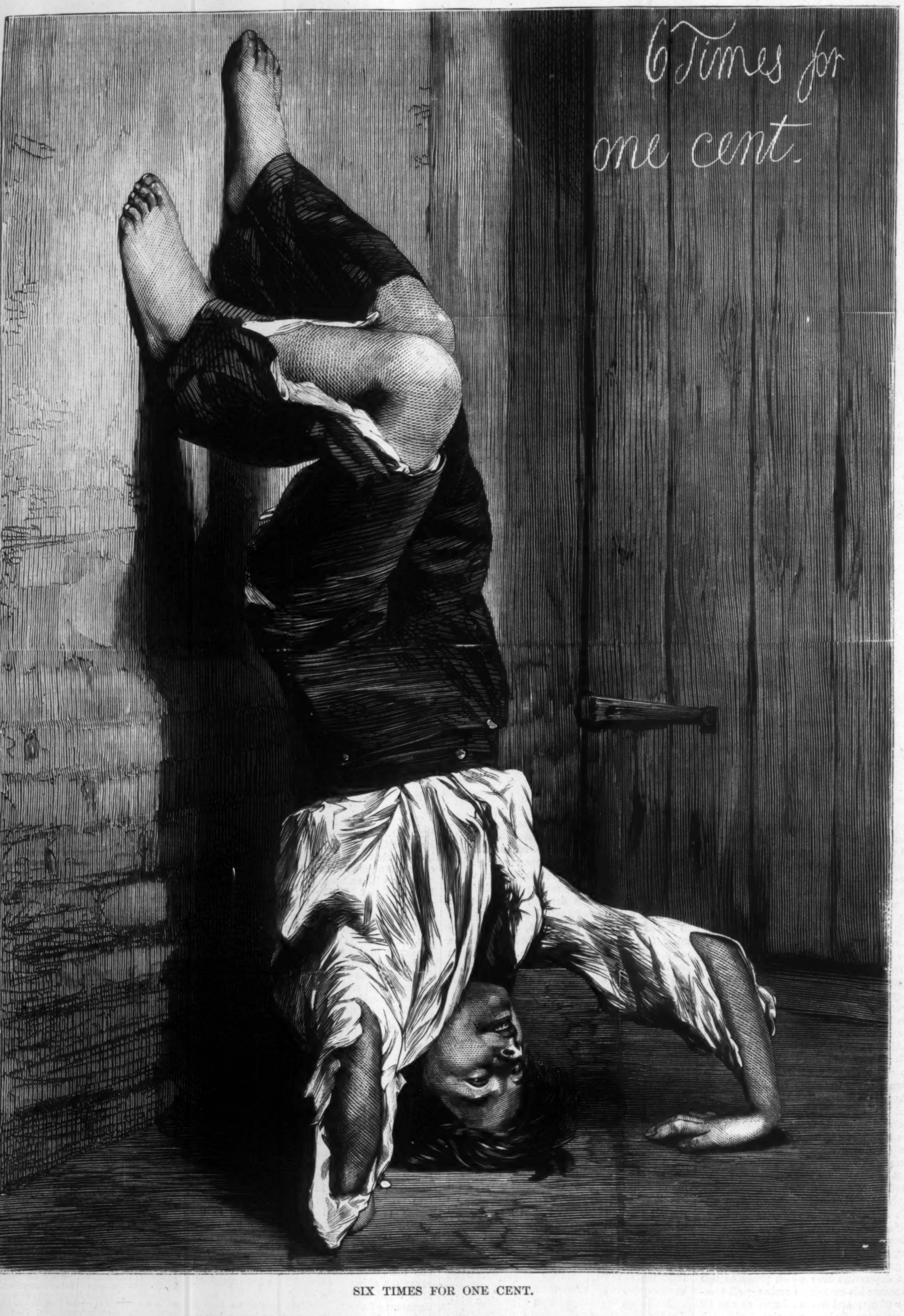
Another strike among the workmen at La Creuzot, France, is reported, which is supposed to have a political tendency.

The cases of persons accused of conspiracy in the recent plot against the life of Napoleon are to be brought before the court now in session at Tours.

In the British House of Commons a bill for the suppression of disorders in Ireland has been under discussion. A stringent clause, providing for the prosecution of the press of that country, has been adopted by a majority of 315.

The Irish Church Convention at Dublin has decided to invest a portion of their funds in American securities.

The Spanish Colonial Minister has instructed the Captain-General to order elections for Deputies from Cuba to the Cortes, should the condition of affairs in the island permit.



SIX TIMES FOR ONE CENT.

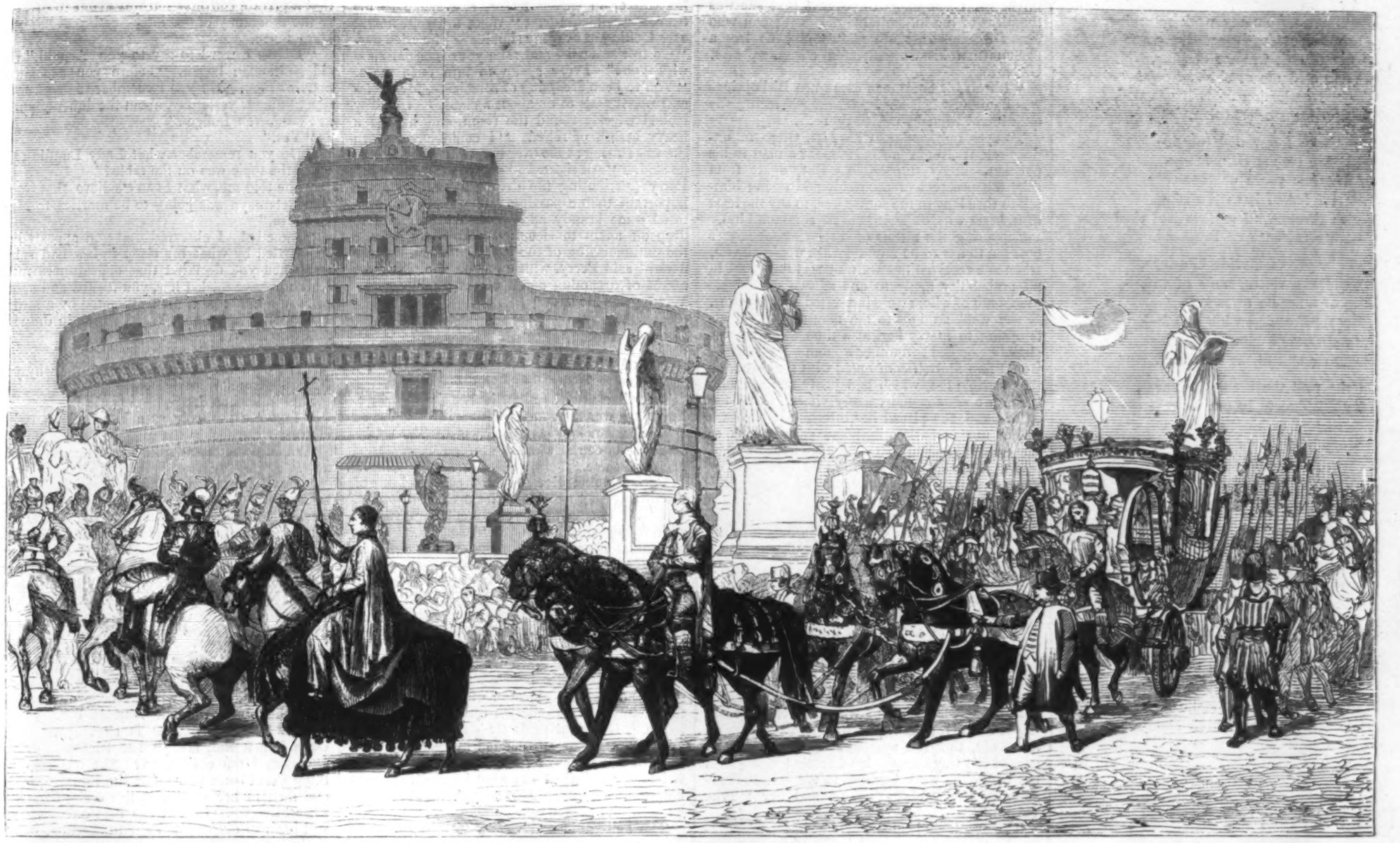
MODERN ART.

If the Arts are to flourish among us, says John Ruskin in one of his Oxford lectures, we must recover for the mass of the nation three requisites which they at present want: 1. Wholesomeness of food. We must no longer allow them to eat and drink poison instead of food; every thing provided for their daily sustenance must be good and pure as well as plentiful. 2. Wholesomeness and decency in dress. It must be such as becomes their rank—serviceable and good, and, at the same time, becoming and in good taste. 3. We must improve their lodgings. All ecclesiastical architecture is developed for civil and domestic building, and its highest achievement may be said to be a "glorified roof." Now in this our modern architects are strangely at fault; they seem hardly to know what to do with a roof. Roofs ought never to be built of iron, but always of wood or stone. And we must remember that the little roofs must be built before the large ones. We must see that the poor have houses suited to them, built as strongly as possible, and daintily decorated.

All arts are founded on agriculture by the hand, and on the feeding, dressing, and lodging of the people. Christian Art was only possible where kings and knights were compelled to care for their people, and it disappeared when kings became tyrants, devourers of the people. The health of Art depends on its reference to industrial use. It is from this use that it first arises. In order to eat and drink, we must have the cup and platter, and especially the cup. In order that we may use this cup conveniently, it must have a handle. To fill the cup, we must have a pitcher of some sort; this pitcher, if it is to be carried safely, must have two handles. Now in these same articles of use have been developed the most beautiful lines and types of severe composition that have ever been attained to in Art.

We can not have any right architectural Art, or morality, or happiness in cities such as now deface our country. They are not built, they are rather dotted and coagulated in shapeless, hideous blotches over the land which they consume. We must, if we would have Art, have beautiful cities, not overgrown in size, encircled with gardens and shaded with trees: we must banish far from us all the manufactures which need the aid of huge furnaces of fire; or at least we must reduce them to the smallest possible limit. At present England triumphs in her commerce: she is deaf with spinning-wheels, yet her children have not clothes to wear; she is black with fuel, yet they cry aloud for food; she has sold her soul for gold, yet they die of hunger.

Religious Art can not be used amiss if we remember that God inhabits cottages as well as churches, and that in the former as well as in the latter He ought to be well lodged. Put the Arts to universal use, and we shall find in them a universal inspiration and benediction; let every thing be equally sacred, equally divine—Art will be divine wherever it is truly fair and serviceable. God has made every thing beautiful in its kind



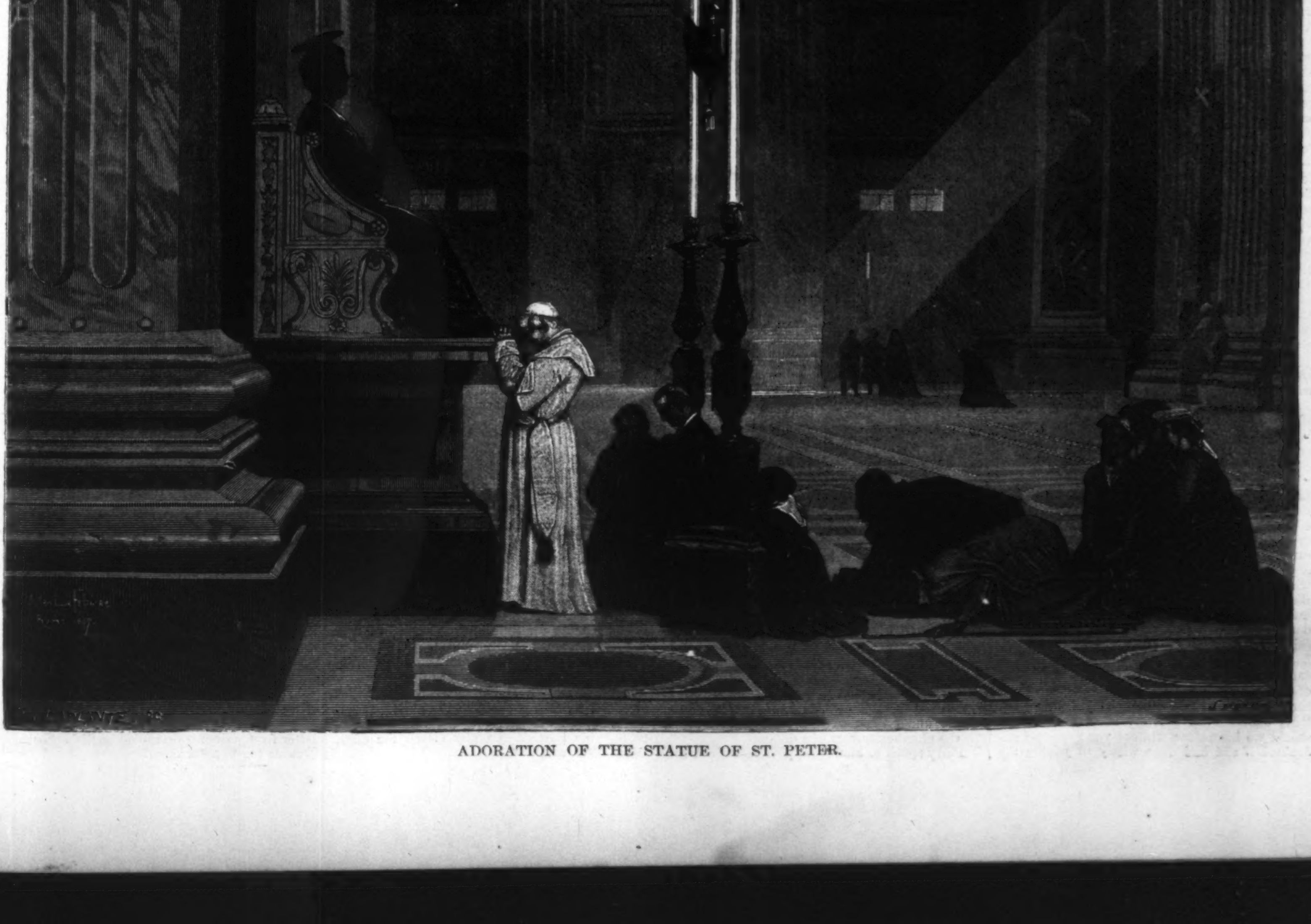
GRAND PONTIFICAL PROCESSION PASSING THE CASTLE OF SAINT ANGELO.

and in its proper place; His will is that all His creatures should be happy. His Spirit teaches the ant her path and the bird its flight, and men whatever noble Art is possible for them. It dwells in light and in strength; in the possession of It is all your peace and all your power. But there exists also an evil spirit, whose dominion is in blindness and cowardice; which tells us that evil things are pardonable, and that we shall not die for them; and that good things are impossible, and that you can not live for them. Good things are impossible only to those who listen to this evil spirit, and so despair of attaining to what is good. Remember always that all things lovely and righteous are possible, if only you believe in their possibility, and manfully set to work to promote them with your very heart and soul.

SCENES IN ROME.

The first of our illustrations on this page represents a grand pontifical procession, on the fête day of the Madonna, passing the bridge of the Castle of St. Angelo. It shows the state carriage of the Sovereign Pontiff, preceded by his cross-bearer mounted on a richly-caparisoned mule.

The second illustration represents the Pope in the act of saluting the foot of the celebrated statue of St. Peter, which stands in the great cathedral that bears his name. A metallic halo surrounds the head of the statue, and in his right hand is grasped the emblematic key. In all the great pageants which occur within the cathedral this colossal statue rises conspicuous above the heads of the crowd, like the presiding genius of the place. There is a dispute among antiquarians whether this is an authentic statue of the Apostle, or one adapted to the purpose from among the heathen relics of Rome; but the faithful, ignorant of the controversy, pay their unquestioning devotions at the foot of the statue, and signify their reverence by devoutly kissing the projecting toe of the left foot. Before applying his lips the votary wipes the toe with his cuff, by way of preparation, and the effect of this contact, incessantly repeated through many ages, is visible in the very sensible diminution and the polished smoothness of its extremity.



ADORATION OF THE STATUE OF ST. PETER.

HOME.

Homeward from my work returning,
  Lo! a lamp with steady ray,
In my distant window burning,
  Welcomed me at close of day;
O'er the darkening fields it gleamed,
And of rest the symbol seemed.

Thankfully I saw that token—
  Shining on me from afar—
Of domestic peace unbroken;
  And I hailed it as the star
Which through all my life had shed
Cheering radiance on my head.

Oh! the joy of fireside blessings,
  Children's voices, smile of wife—
Bliss of infantile caressings,
  Heart-refreshing wine of life—
Purple glow of Paradise
Lingering still about our skies.

On the wall the fire-light dances,
  As joy dances in our hearts;
Interchange of kindly glances
  Mutual happiness imparts;
Heavenly watchers from above
Hover o'er that scene of love.

Now the long day's labor ending,
  Under our own vine we rest,
And the brow of Care unbending
  By Love's hand is smoothed and blest:
One such hour may well repay
Hardest toil of longest day.

Blessed be the God of Heaven,
  God of all earth's families,
Who to weary men has given
  Homes of rest—sweet oases,
Wells and palm-trees, smile and song—
As to Heaven they march along.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

(*Continued.*)

SEEDS OF THE FUTURE. (THIRD SOWING.)

The dance had reached its climax of animation when Bishopriggs reappeared on the scene of his duties; and the ranks of the company had been recruited, in his absence, by the very person whom it was now his foremost object to approach.

Receiving, with supple submission, a reprimand for his prolonged absence from the chief of the servants, Bishopriggs—keeping his one observant eye carefully on the look-out—busied himself in promoting the circulation of ices and cool drinks.

While he was thus occupied, his attention was attracted by two persons who, in very different ways, stood out prominently as marked characters among the rank and file of the guests.

The first person was a vivacious, irascible old gentleman, who persisted in treating the undeniable fact of his age on the footing of a scandalous false report set afloat by Time. He was superbly strapped and padded. His hair, his teeth, and his complexion were triumphs of artificial youth. When he was not occupied among the youngest women present—which was very seldom—he attached himself exclusively to the youngest men. He insisted on joining every dance. Twice he measured his length upon the grass; but nothing daunted him. He was waltzing again, with another young woman, at the next dance, as if nothing had happened. Inquiring who this effervescent old gentleman might be, Bishopriggs discovered that he was a retired officer in the navy; commonly known (among his inferiors) as "The Tartar;" more formally described in society as Captain Newenden, the last male representative of one of the oldest families in England.

The second person, who appeared to occupy a position of distinction at the dance in the glade, was a lady.

To the eye of Bishopriggs, she was a miracle of beauty, with a small fortune for a poor man, carried about her in silk, lace, and jewelry. No woman present was the object of such special attention among the men as this fascinating and priceless creature. She sat fanning herself with a matchless work of art (supposed to be a handkerchief) representing an island of cambric in the midst of an ocean of lace. She was surrounded by a little court of admirers, who fetched and carried at her slightest nod, like well-trained dogs. Sometimes they brought refreshments, which she had asked for, only to decline taking them when they came. Sometimes they brought information of what was going on among the dancers, which the lady had been eager to receive when they went away, and in which she had ceased to feel the smallest interest when they came back. Every body burst into ejaculations of distress when she was asked to account for her absence from the dinner, and answered, "My poor nerves." Every body said, "What should we have done without you!"—when she doubted if she had done wisely in joining the party at all. Inquiring who this favored lady might be, Bishopriggs discovered that she was the niece of the indomitable old gentleman who *would* dance—or, more plainly still, no less a person than his contemplated customer, Mrs. Glenarm.

With all his enormous assurance Bishopriggs was daunted when he found himself facing the question of what he was to do next.

To open negotiations with Mrs. Glenarm, under present circumstances, was, for a man in his position, simply impossible. But, apart from this, the prospect of profitably addressing himself to that lady in the future was, to say the least of it, beset with difficulties of no common kind.

Supposing the means of disclosing Geoffrey's position to her to be found—what would she do, when she received her warning? She would in all probability apply to one of two formidable men, both of whom were interested in the matter. If she went straight to the man accused of attempting to marry her, at a time when he was already engaged to another woman—Bishopriggs would find himself confronted with the owner of that terrible fist, which had justly terrified him even on a distant and cursory view. If, on the other hand, she placed her interests in the care of her uncle—Bishopriggs had only to look at the captain, and to calculate his chance of imposing terms on a man who owed Life a bill of more than sixty years' date, and who openly defied time to recover the debt.

With these serious obstacles standing in the way, what was to be done? The only alternative left was to approach Mrs. Glenarm under shelter of the dark.

Reaching this conclusion, Bishopriggs decided to ascertain from the servants what the lady's future movements might be; and, thus informed, to startle her by anonymous warnings, conveyed through the post, and claiming their answer through the advertising channel of a newspaper. Here was the certainty of alarming her, coupled with the certainty of safety to himself! Little did Mrs. Glenarm dream, when she capriciously stopped a servant going by with some glasses of lemonade, that the wretched old creature who offered the tray contemplated corresponding with her before the week was out, in the double character of her "Well-Wisher" and her "True Friend."

The evening advanced. The shadows lengthened. The waters of the lake grew pitchy black. The gliding of the ghostly swans became rare and more rare. The elders of the party thought of the drive home. The juniors (excepting Captain Newenden) began to flag at the dance. Little by little the comfortable attractions of the house—tea, coffee, and candle-light in snug rooms—resumed their influence. The guests abandoned the glade; and the fingers and lungs of the musicians rested at last.

Lady Lundie and her party were the first to send for the carriage and say farewell; the break-up of the household at Windygates on the next day, and the journey south, being sufficient apologies for setting the example of retreat. In an hour more the only visitors left were the guests staying at Swanhaven Lodge.

The company gone, the hired waiters from Kirkandrew were paid and dismissed.

On the journey back the silence of Bishopriggs created some surprise among his comrades. "I've got my ain concerns to think of," was the only answer he vouchsafed to the remonstrances addressed to him. The "concerns" alluded to, comprehended, among other changes of plan, his departure from Kirkandrew the next day—with a reference, in case of inquiries, to his convenient friend at the Cowgate, Edinburgh. His actual destination—to be kept a secret from every body—was Perth. The neighborhood of this town—as stated on the authority of her own maid—was the part of Scotland to which the rich widow contemplated removing when she left Swanhaven in two days' time. At Perth, Bishopriggs knew of more than one place in which he could get temporary employment—and at Perth he determined to make his first anonymous advances to Mrs. Glenarm.

The remainder of the evening passed quietly enough at the Lodge.

The guests were sleepy and dull after the excitement of the day. Mrs. Glenarm retired early. At eleven o'clock Julius Delamayn was the only person left up in the house. He was understood to be in his study, preparing an address to the electors, based on instructions sent from London by his father. He was actually occupied in the music-room—now that there was nobody to discover him—playing exercises softly on his beloved violin.

At the trainer's cottage a trifling incident occured, that night, which afforded materials for a note in Perry's professional diary.

Geoffrey had sustained the later trial of walking for a given time and distance, at his full speed, without showing any of those symptoms of exhaustion which had followed the more serious experiment of running, to which he had been subjected earlier in the day. Perry, honestly bent—though he had privately hedged his own bets—on doing his best to bring his man in good order to the post on the day of the race, had forbidden Geoffrey to pay his evening visit to the house, and had sent him to bed earlier than usual. The trainer was alone, looking over his own written rules, and considering what modifications he should introduce into the diet and exercises of the next day, when he was startled by a sound of groaning from the bedroom in which his patron lay asleep.

He went in, and found Geoffrey rolling to and fro on the pillow, with his face contorted, with his hands clenched, and with the perspiration standing thick on his forehead—suffering evidently under the nervous oppression produced by the phantom-terrors of a dream.

Perry spoke to him, and pulled him up in the bed. He woke with a scream. He stared at his trainer in vacant terror, and spoke to his trainer in wild words. "What are your horrid eyes looking at over my shoulder?" he cried out. "Go to the devil—and take your infernal slate with you!" Perry spoke to him once more. "You've been dreaming of somebody, Mr. Delamayn. What's to do about a slate?" Geoffrey looked eagerly round the room, and heaved a heavy breath of relief. "I could have sworn she was staring at me over the dwarf pear-trees," he said. "All right, I know where I am now." Perry (attributing the dream to nothing more important than a passing indigestion) administered some brandy and water, and left him to drop off again to sleep. He fretfully forbade the extinguishing of the light. "Afraid of the dark?" said Perry, with a laugh. No. He was afraid of dreaming again of the dumb cook at Windygates House.

SEVENTH SCENE.—HAM FARM.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

THE NIGHT BEFORE.

The time was the night before the marriage. The place was Sir Patrick's house in Kent.

The lawyers had kept their word. The settlements had been forwarded, and had been signed two days since.

With the exception of the surgeon and one of the three young gentlemen from the University, who had engagements elsewhere, the visitors at Windygates had emigrated southward to be present at the marriage. Besides these gentlemen, there were some ladies among the guests invited by Sir Patrick—all of them family connections, and three of them appointed to the position of Blanche's bridemaids. Add one or two neighbors to be invited to the breakfast—and the wedding-party would be complete.

There was nothing architecturally remarkable about Sir Patrick's house. Ham Farm possessed neither the splendor of Windygates nor the picturesque antiquarian attraction of Swanhaven. It was a perfectly commonplace English country seat, surrounded by perfectly commonplace English scenery. Snug monotony welcomed you when you went in, and snug monotony met you again when you turned to the window and looked out.

The animation and variety wanting at Ham Farm were far from being supplied by the company in the house. It was remembered, at an after-period, that a duller wedding-party had never been assembled together.

Sir Patrick, having no early associations with the place, openly admitted that his residence in Kent preyed on his spirits, and that he would have infinitely preferred a room at the inn in the village. The effort to sustain his customary vivacity was not encouraged by persons and circumstances about him. Lady Lundie's fidelity to the memory of the late Sir Thomas, on the scene of his last illness and death, persisted in asserting itself, under an ostentation of concealment which tried even the trained temper of Sir Patrick himself. Blanche, still depressed by her private anxieties about Anne, was in no condition of mind to look gayly at the last memorable days of her maiden life. Arnold, sacrificed—by express stipulation on the part of Lady Lundie—to the prurient delicacy which forbids the bridegroom, before marriage, to sleep in the same house with the bride, found himself ruthlessly shut out from Sir Patrick's hospitality, and exiled every night to a bedroom at the inn. He accepted his solitary doom with a resignation which extended its sobering influence to his customary flow of spirits. As for the ladies, the elder among them existed in a state of chronic protest against Lady Lundie, and the younger were absorbed in the essentially serious occupation of considering and comparing their wedding-dresses. The two young gentlemen from the University performed prodigies of yawning, in the intervals of prodigies of billiard-playing. Smith said, in despair, "There's no making things pleasant in this house, Jones." And Jones sighed, and mildly agreed with him.

On the Sunday evening—which was the evening before the marriage—the dullness, as a matter of course, reached its climax.

But two of the occupations in which people may indulge on week days are regarded as harmless on Sunday by the obstinately anti-Christian tone of feeling which prevails in this matter among the Anglo-Saxon race. It is not sinful to wrangle in religious controversy; and it is not sinful to slumber over a religious book. The ladies at Ham Farm practiced the pious observance of the evening on this plan. The seniors of the sex wrangled in Sunday controversy; and the juniors of the sex slumbered over Sunday books. As for the men, it is unnecessary to say that the young ones smoked when they were not yawning, and yawned when they were not smoking. Sir Patrick staid in the library, sorting old letters and examining old accounts. Every person in the house felt the oppression of the senseless social prohibitions which they had imposed on themselves. And yet every person in the house would have been scandalized if the plain question had been put: You know this is a tyranny of your own making, you know you don't really believe in it, you know you don't really like it—why do you submit? The freest people on the civilized earth are the only people on the civilized earth who dare not face that question.

The evening dragged its slow length on; the welcome time drew nearer and nearer for oblivion in bed. Arnold was silently contemplating, for the last time, his customary prospects of banishment to the inn, when he became aware that Sir Patrick was making signs to him. He rose, and followed his host into the empty dining-room. Sir Patrick carefully closed the door. What did it mean?

It meant—so far as Arnold was concerned—that a private conversation was about to diversify the monotony of the long Sunday evening at Ham Farm.

"I have a word to say to you, Arnold," the old gentleman began, "before you become a married man. Do you remember the conversation at dinner yesterday, about the dancing-party at Swanhaven Lodge?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember what Lady Lundie said while the topic was on the table?"

"She told me, what I can't believe, that Geoffrey Delamayn was going to be married to Mrs. Glenarm."

"Exactly! I observed that you appeared to be startled by what my sister-in-law had said; and when you declared that appearances must certainly have misled her, you looked and spoke (to my mind) like a man animated by a strong feeling of indignation. Was I wrong in drawing that conclusion?"

"No, Sir Patrick. You were right."

"Have you any objection to tell me why you felt indignant?"

Arnold hesitated.

"You are probably at a loss to know what interest *I* can feel in the matter?"

Arnold admitted it with his customary frankness.

"In that case," rejoined Sir Patrick, "I had better go on at once with the matter in hand—leaving you to see for yourself the connection between what I am about to say, and the question that I have just put. When I have done, you shall then reply to me or not, exactly as you think right. My dear boy, the subject on which I want to speak to you is—Miss Silvester."

Arnold started. Sir Patrick looked at him with a moment's attention, and went on:

"My niece has her faults of temper and her failings of judgment," he said. "But she has one atoning quality (among many others) which ought to make—and which I believe will make—the happiness of your married life. In the popular phrase, Blanche is as true as steel. Once her friend, always her friend. Do you see what I am coming to? She has said nothing about it, Arnold; but she has not yielded one inch in her resolution to reunite herself to Miss Silvester. One of the first questions you will have to determine, after to-morrow, will be the question of whether you do, or not, sanction your wife in attempting to communicate with her lost friend."

Arnold answered without the slightest reserve.

"I am heartily sorry for Blanche's lost friend, Sir Patrick. My wife will have my full approval if she tries to bring Miss Silvester back—and my best help too, if I can give it."

Those words were earnestly spoken. It was plain that they came from his heart.

"I think you are wrong," said Sir Patrick. "I believe you are encouraging Blanche in a hopeless effort. I believe you are helping her to court a disappointment, which will cast its shadow over the brightest time of her life. However, it is your affair and not mine. After what you have just said, my duty in the matter seems plain enough. Do you wish me to place at your disposal any special facilities for tracing Miss Silvester which I may happen to possess?"

"If you *can* help us over any obstacles at starting, Sir Patrick, it will be a kindness to Blanche, and a kindness to me."

"Very good. I suppose you remember what I said to you, one morning, when we were talking of Miss Silvester at Windygates?"

"You said you had determined to let her go her own way."

"Quite right! On the evening of the day when I said that I received information that Miss Silvester had been traced to Glasgow. You won't require me to explain why I never mentioned this to you or to Blanche. In mentioning it now, I communicate to you the only positive information, on the subject of the missing woman, which I possess. There are two other chances of finding her (of a more speculative kind) which can only be tested by inducing two men (both equally difficult to deal with) to confess what they know. One of those two men is—a person named Bishopriggs, formerly waiter at the Craig Fernie inn."

Arnold started, and changed color. Sir Patrick (silently noticing him) stated the circumstances relating to Anne's lost letter, and to the conclusion in his own mind which pointed to Bishopriggs as the person in possession of it.

"I have to add," he proceeded, "that Blanche, unfortunately, found an opportunity of speaking to Bishopriggs at Swanhaven. When she and Lady Lundie joined us at Edinburgh she showed me privately a card which had been given to her by Bishopriggs. He had described it as the address at which he might be heard of—and Blanche entreated me, before we started for London, to put the reference to the test. I told her that she had committed a serious mistake in attempting to deal with Bishopriggs on her own responsibility; and I warned her of the result in which I was firmly persuaded the inquiry would end. She declined to believe that Bishopriggs had deceived her. I saw that she would take the matter into her own hands again unless I interfered; and I went to the place. Exactly as I had anticipated, the person to whom the card referred me had not heard of Bishopriggs for years, and knew nothing whatever about his present movements. Blanche had simply put him on his guard, and shown him the propriety of keeping out of the way. If you should ever meet with him in the future—say nothing to your wife, and communicate with me. I decline to assist you in searching for Miss Silvester; but I have no objection to assist in recovering a stolen letter from a thief. So much for Bishopriggs.—Now as to the other man."

"Who is he?"

"Your friend, Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn."

Arnold sprang to his feet in ungovernable surprise.

"I appear to astonish you," remarked Sir Patrick.

Arnold sat down again, and waited, in speechless suspense, to hear what was coming next.

"I have reason to know," said Sir Patrick, "that Mr. Delamayn is thoroughly well acquainted with the nature of Miss Silvester's present troubles. What his actual connection is with them, and how he came into possession of his information, I have not found out. My discovery begins and ends with the simple fact that he *has* the information."

"May I ask one question, Sir Patrick?"

"What is it?"

"How did you find out about Geoffrey Delamayn?"

"It would occupy a long time," answered Sir Patrick, "to tell you how—and it is not at all necessary to our purpose that you should know. My present obligation merely binds me to tell you—in strict confidence, mind!—that Miss Silvester's secrets are no secrets to Mr. Delamayn. I leave to your discretion the use you may make of that information. You are now entirely on a par with me in relation to your knowledge of the case of Miss Silvester. Let us return to the question which I asked you when we first came into the room. Do you see the connection, now, between that question, and what I have said since?"

Arnold was slow to see the connection. His mind was running on Sir Patrick's discovery. Little dreaming that he was indebted to Mrs. Inchbare's incomplete description of him for his own escape from detection, he was wondering how it had happened that *he* had remained unsuspected, while Geoffrey's position had been (in part at least) revealed to view.

"I asked you," resumed Sir Patrick, attempting to help him, "why the mere report that your friend was likely to marry Mrs. Glenarm roused your indignation, and you hesitated at giving an answer. Do you hesitate still?"

"It's not easy to give an answer, Sir Patrick."

"Let us put it in another way. I assume that your view of the report takes its rise in some knowledge, on your part, of Mr. Delamayn's private affairs, which the rest of us don't possess.—Is that conclusion correct?"

"Quite correct."

"Is what you know about Mr. Delamayn connected with any thing that you know about Miss Silvester?"

If Arnold had felt himself at liberty to answer that question, Sir Patrick's suspicions would have been aroused, and Sir Patrick's resolution would have forced a full disclosure from him before he left the house.

It was getting on to midnight. The first hour of the wedding-day was at hand, as the Truth made its final effort to struggle into light. The dark Phantoms of Trouble and Terror to come were waiting near them both at that moment. Arnold hesitated again—hesitated painfully. Sir Patrick paused for his answer. The clock in the hall struck the quarter to twelve.

"I can't tell you!" said Arnold.

"Is it a secret?"

"Yes."

"Committed to your honor?"

"Doubly committed to my honor."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Geoffrey and I have quarreled since he took me into his confidence. I am doubly bound to respect his confidence after that."

"Is the cause of your quarrel a secret also?"

"Yes."

Sir Patrick looked Arnold steadily in the face.

"I have felt an inveterate distrust of Mr. Delamayn from the first," he said. "Answer me this. Have you any reason to think—since we first talked about your friend in the summer-house at Windygates—that my opinion of him might have been the right one after all?"

"He has bitterly disappointed me," answered Arnold. "I can say no more."

"You have had very little experience of the world," proceeded Sir Patrick. "And you have just acknowledged that you have had reason to distrust your experience of your friend. Are you quite sure that you are acting wisely in keeping his secret from *me?* Are you quite sure that you will not repent the course you are taking to-night?" He laid a marked emphasis on those last words. "Think, Arnold," he added, kindly. "Think before you answer."

"I feel bound in honor to keep his secret," said Arnold. "No thinking can alter that."

Sir Patrick rose, and brought the interview to an end.

"There is nothing more to be said." With those words he gave Arnold his hand, and, pressing it cordially, wished him good-night.

Going out into the hall, Arnold found Blanche alone, looking at the barometer.

"The glass is at Set Fair, my darling," he whispered. "Good-night for the last time!"

He took her in his arms, and kissed her. At the moment when he released her Blanche slipped a little note into his hand.

"Read it," she whispered, "when you are alone at the inn."

So they parted on the eve of their wedding-day.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

THE DAY.

The promise of the weather-glass was fulfilled. The sun shone on Blanche's marriage.

At nine in the morning the first of the proceedings of the day began. It was essentially of a clandestine nature. The bride and bridegroom evaded the restraints of lawful authority, and presumed to meet together privately, before they were married, in the conservatory at Ham Farm.

"You have read my letter, Arnold?"

"I have come here to answer it, Blanche. But why not have told me? Why write?"

"Because I put off telling you so long; and because I didn't know how you might take it; and for fifty other reasons. Never mind! I've made my confession. I haven't a single secret now which is not your secret too. There's time to say No, Arnold, if you think I ought to have no room in my heart for any body but you. My uncle tells me I am obstinate and wrong in refusing to give Anne up. If you agree with him, say the word, dear, before you make me your wife."

"Shall I tell you what I said to Sir Patrick last night?"

"About *this?*"

"Yes. The confession (as you call it) which you make in your pretty note, is the very thing that Sir Patrick spoke to me about in the dining-room before I went away. He told me your heart was set on finding Miss Silvester. And he asked me what I meant to do about it when we were married."

"And you said—?"

Arnold repeated his answer to Sir Patrick, with fervid embellishments of the original language, suitable to the emergency. Blanche's delight expressed itself in the form of two unblushing outrages on propriety, committed in close succession. She threw her arms round Arnold's neck; and she actually kissed him, three hours before the consent of State and Church sanctioned her in taking that proceeding. Let us shudder—but let us not blame her. These are the consequences of free institutions.

"Now," said Arnold, "it's my turn to take to pen and ink. I have a letter to write before we are married as well as you. Only there's this difference between us—I want you to help me."

"Who are you going to write to?"

"To my lawyer in Edinburgh. There will be no time unless I do it now. We start for Switzerland this afternoon—don't we?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I want to relieve your mind, my darling, before we go. Wouldn't you like to know—while we are away—that the right people are on the look-out for Miss Silvester? Sir Patrick has told me of the last place that she has been traced to—and my lawyer will set the right people at work. Come and help me to put it in the proper language, and the whole thing will be in train."

"Oh, Arnold! can I ever love you enough to reward you for this!"

"We shall see, Blanche—in Switzerland."

They audaciously penetrated, arm in arm, into Sir Patrick's own study—entirely at their disposal, as they well knew, at that hour of the morning. With Sir Patrick's pens and Sir Patrick's paper they produced a letter of instructions, deliberately reopening the investigation which Sir Patrick's superior wisdom had closed. Neither pains nor money were to be spared by the lawyer in at once taking measures (beginning at Glasgow) to find Anne. The report of the result was to be addressed to Arnold, under cover to Sir Patrick at Ham Farm. By the time the letter was completed the morning had advanced to ten o'clock. Blanche left Arnold to array herself in her bridal splendor—after another outrage on propriety, and more consequences of free institutions.

The next proceedings were of a public and avowable nature, and strictly followed the customary precedents on such occasions.

Village nymphs strewed flowers on the path to the church door (and sent in the bill the same day). Village swains rang the joy-bells (and got drunk on their money the same evening). There was the proper and awful pause while the bridegroom was kept waiting at the church. There was the proper and pitiless staring of all the female spectators when the bride was led to the altar. There was the clergyman's preliminary look at the license—which meant official caution. And there was the clerk's preliminary look at the bridegroom—which meant official fees. All the women appeared to be in their natual element; and all the men appeared to be out of it.

Then the service began—rightly-considered, the most terrible, surely, of all mortal ceremonies—the service which binds two human beings, who know next to nothing of each other's natures, to risk the tremendous experiment of living together till death parts them—the service which says, in effect if not in words, Take your leap in the dark: we sanctify, but we don't insure, it!

The ceremony went on, without the slightest obstacle to mar its effect. There were no unforeseen interruptions. There were no ominous mistakes.

The last words were spoken, and the book was closed. They signed their names on the register; the husband was congratulated; the wife was embraced. They went back again to the house, with more flowers strewn at their feet. The wedding-breakfast was hurried; the wedding-speeches were curtailed: there was no time to be wasted, if the young couple were to catch the tidal train.

In an hour more the carriage had whirled them away to the station, and the guests had given them the farewell cheer from the steps of the house. Young, happy, fondly attached to each other, raised securely above all the sordid cares of life, what a golden future was theirs! Married with the sanction of the Family and the blessing of the Church—who could suppose that the time was coming, nevertheless, when the blighting question would fall on them, in the spring-time of their love: Are you Man and Wife?

TEETH AND THE TOOTHACHE.

Most of us are concerned at the loss of teeth which we fain would preserve, and we dread the remedy—artificial teeth. The immense number of dentists, and the importance to which the science of dentistry has attained, are very strong arguments in support of the theory that our teeth are deteriorating. That the dental profession must be a profitable one needs no argument beyond a glance at the very flowery advertisements which crowd our papers, arguing very numerous and wealthy clients. No one who has not been compelled to wear false teeth can understand to what an extent they are at once a comfort and a nuisance. The improvement in appearance, in articulation, and the great advantage of better mastication, are benefits too evident to require further mention. These benefits, of course, depend very much on the fitness of the material employed; and while ingenuity has been racked to find the best-looking and hardest substances for teeth, I have known at least two persons who patronized no invention whatever. One gentleman had a very fine molar drawn, in consequence of its aching most terribly; but when out it looked as white and sound as a tooth could look; so, with great presence of mind, my friend stopped the dentist as he was about to close the gum, and asked him to reinsert the tooth. After a little demur, the operator complied. The tooth fitted beautifully, and I saw it half a dozen years afterward as useful and tightly-fitting a molar as any in the whole set. But this is much exceeded by the case of a gentleman very well known to me, who, having suffered a great deal from toothache, had had, at intervals, several teeth extracted. These he preserved, and, at last, being forced to revisit the dentist, and finding that it was necessary for him to lose two more, he heroically determined on having all that were left extracted; then with these, and the teeth already "in stock," he had a very capital set fitted, which he wore for many years.

The extraction of so many teeth at once seems a great trial to undergo; but some persons have such a horror of toothache that nothing equals its terrors in their estimation; and, not very many years ago, a poor young fellow in the suburbs of London hanged himself in sheer despair at the continual pain he suffered—pain which is, I must own, of a character more depressing, more relentless, than any other I have known.

It must be dreadful when poor dumb animals suffer from toothache. Every one has read how Chunee, the elephant at the old Exeter Change, went mad from it; and it is popularly supposed that it is often a cause of madness in dogs, and I really think it very probable. The poor brutes seek the sympathy and aid of their masters; for I have known a poor old cat come moaning time after time, until it drew attention to its teeth—a surgeon who was visiting at the house first suggested the cause of the animal's discomfort—and one person, more skilled than the others, possibly, in the management of our dumb companions, drew a tooth which was rather loose, and at once relieved the poor creature. I once knew a man who assisted at the extraction of a tooth from the head of a very different cat—the patient being a fine leopard in the Regent's Park Gardens. An account appeared in the papers of the time, so I may be excused from any lengthy detail. When the authorities had decided that it was toothache which ailed the animal, they had a small but very strong sack made, and with this, after much trouble, succeeded in bagging the leopard. His head, of course, was left out, the sack being drawn pretty tightly around his neck. The operation was attended with complete success to the leopard; his tooth was drawn, and he recovered; but, unhappily, just as it was over, by a desperate plunge he burst the sack, and, thrusting his paw through the opening, drove his talons deep into the arm of a keeper, tearing and lacerating the man fearfully.

I can not leave this subject without advising my readers that the following recipe, for which I am indebted to the *Lancet*, and which ought to be made as widely known as possible, will really cure the most maddening toothache: One drachm of collodion, added to two drachms of Calvert's carbolic acid; a gelatinous mass is precipitated, a small portion of which inserted in the cavity of an aching tooth invariably gives immediate relief. Observe, this is for the teeth only, not the ear.

The worst of a slight flaw in the tooth is that the tongue will never leave it alone; but, although it sacrifices itself by the practice, will insist on poking away at it until more and more breaks off. This irritation is so pleasing, and so indispensable to some persons, that they employ artificial means to excite it. A frequent picking of the teeth is a very common and very injurious way; but in the case of a musician I was once acquainted with it took a far stranger form. This man always kept a pin in his mouth, only removing it when he slept. He ate, drank, chatted, sang, and played with this dangerous and lunatic-like plaything in his mouth. For thirty years he persisted in the practice, changing the pin every few weeks, by which time it would have become almost black. Over and over again was he remonstrated with, but in vain; and at last one pin slipped down his throat, and he was a dead man in a week.

This anecdote recalls the fact that false teeth are not all comfort, and some little care must be taken to prevent such a catastrophe as that just alluded to; for instances have occurred of suffocation where the teeth have been pulled out by the food; soft food, such as batter-pudding or mashed potatoes, is what should be chiefly guarded against. It is impossible to avoid, in describing accidents of this kind, a certain ludicrous coloring, however serious the matter may be to the person concerned; thus, when I mention that I have known a dog run away with two most expensive teeth, which had been detached by the adhesive qualities of some soft pudding, I know the reader will smile, although at the moment the incident was most alarming, and the teeth were only coughed up in time to save their owner from suffocation. So with a gentleman very well known, and ranking very high as a tutor and a conductor of aspirants successfully through those examinations which are such barriers to the ambitious; he will remember, if he sees these lines, how when staying at a strange house he left his teeth on his dressing-table, and how the house-maid threw them away, so that they had to be sought and rescued from the dust-bin.

Most wearers of false teeth take them out on going to bed, but some are obliged to remove them whenever they eat. This latter being the very operation for which they are usually bought, their removal seems absurd—but it is true in many cases. Whether the mouths of some persons are more difficult to fit than those of others I can not say; but it is certain that many who have lost their teeth go to a never-ending expense in trying to supply the loss, and in vain, while others are successful in getting substitutes as useful as it is possible for substitutes to be, without delay or any but the first outlay. As may easily be imagined, that now almost extinct class, the pugilists, were frequent wearers of false teeth, when their finances allowed the outlay, and the contrast between Hercules wearing his borrowed incisors and the same man when they were out was often very whimsical; an apparent addition of ten years would be made to his age by their absence. It is on record that in the middle of a "round" one gladiator remembered his fictitious teeth, and so, with a word of apology to his adversary, who grinned his consent, he ran to his second and deposited in his care the costly ivories.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An Irishman was seen at the trenches before Sebastopol holding his hand above the earth-work. His captain asked: "What are you doing that for, Pat?" He replied, with a grin and a working of his fingers, "I am feelin' for a furlough, sure!" Just then a Minié-ball struck his arm below the wrist. Slowly drawing it down, and grasping it with the other hand to restrain the blood, a queer expression of pain and humor passed over his face as he exclaimed, "An' faith, it's a discharge!"

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Old Master Brown brought his ferule down,
His face was angry and red;
"Anthony Blair, go sit you there
Among the girls," he said.

So Anthony Blair, with a mortified air,
And his head hung down on his breast,
Went right away and sat all day
By the girl who loved him best.

Assessor. "How is it, miss, that you gave your age to the Register as only twenty-five? I was born the same year with yourself, and, being thirty-nine, it must be—"

Young Lady. "Ah! but you see, Mr. Assessor, you have lived much faster than I."

A lawyer at Saco, Maine, in addressing a jury recently, told them of the prodigal son, "whose father divided his property among his two sons and then said, Go, work to-day in my vineyard. One of them said, I go, but didn't; the other refused, and afterward went." The broad grin on the face of the Court and jury convinced the advocate that quoting Scripture was not his forte.

Parlor Sets—Chairs.

A woman's rights advocate insists that divorced women have a right to vote under the Fifteenth Amendment, which provides that the right of suffrage shall not be denied or abridged on account of race, color, or "previous condition of servitude."

"Look here, capting," said an old Hunker Democrat addressing a colored brother the other day, "I know *you* are a Democrat." "Golly! no, mister; *dis darkey can read.*"

Not long ago a Western youth, who had been wheedled into a marriage which his subsequent judgment could not approve, commenced a suit for divorce. When the wife heard of it she was naturally indignant, and demanded of the youthful Benedict to assign a reasonable cause for his proceedings. "You are older than I am," he said. "You knew that before we were married," was the indignant answer. "You pad." "Every body does that, Sir." "You wear false teeth." "Certainly; but it is not a crime." "There's more make-up about you than reality." "What then?" "Your hair, chignon, and waterfall weigh more than you do." "Well." "Well, it's a dead woman." "Well." "Well, *I won't live with a dead woman, or any part of her!*" and the youth went his way.

High Words—Dialogue in a balloon.

A Yankee one day asked his lawyer how an heiress might be carried off. "You can not do it with safety," said the counselor; "but I'll tell you what you may do. Let her mount a horse and hold a bridle-whip; do you then mount behind her, and you are safe, for *she* runs away with you." The next day the lawyer found that it was his own daughter who had run away with his client.

A person desiring a situation as teacher in Nova Scotia wrote to the board: "fab 4 1870. Sir I Offer myself to you for that place to the board which I am wall quilifide for my adge is 402" (meaning, doubtless, 42).

A Yankee is said to have obtained a patent for a new safe. N.B.—It locks up the cashier as well as the cash.

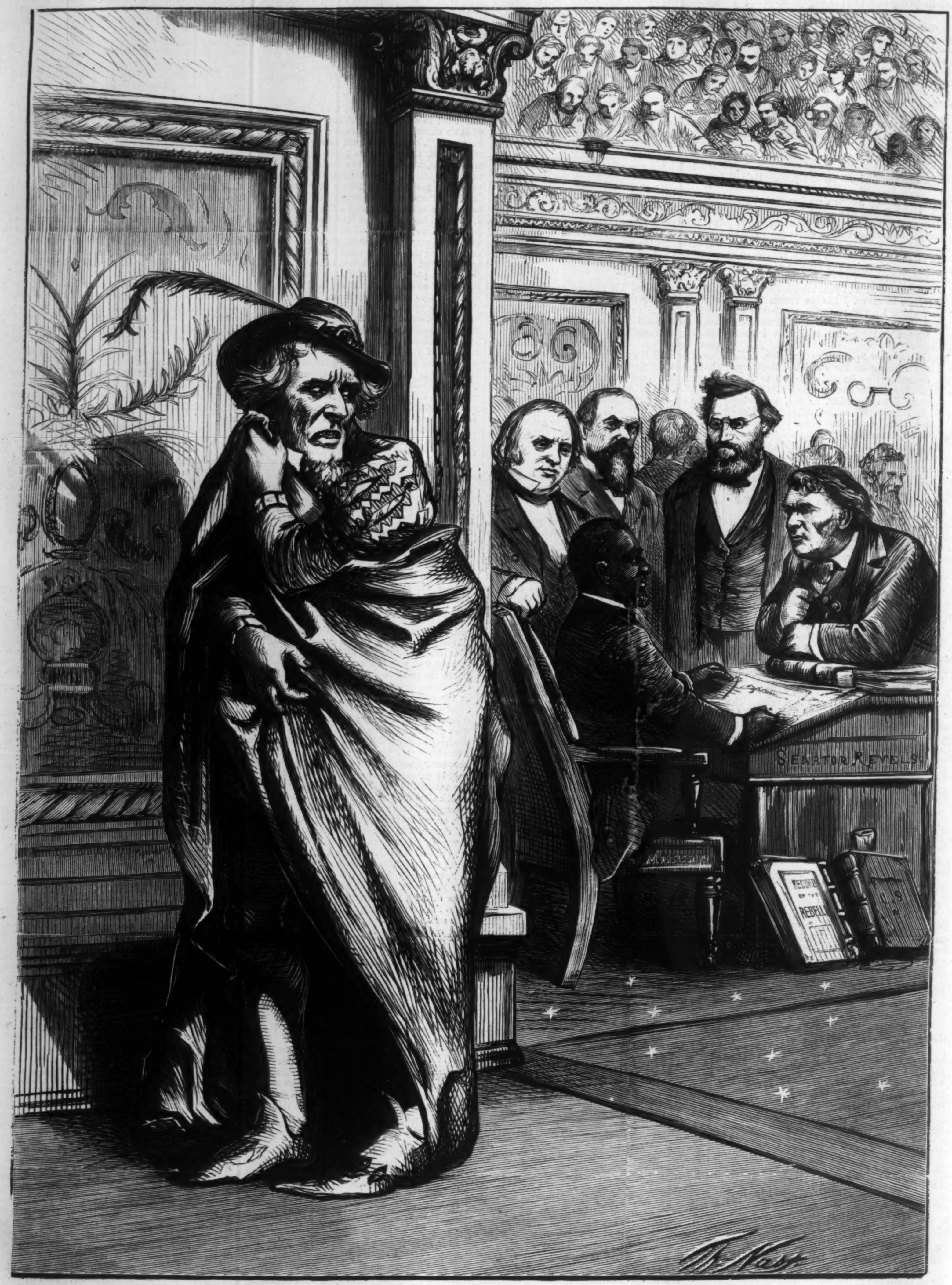
A newly-married lady in Chicago complained to her ma that on her reception-day her card-basket was overrun with circulars from lawyers announcing terms for divorce. "So absurd, you know, ma, before our honey-moon is over." "True, dear," replied ma (who had been twice divorced), "but I'd put them in a safe place; you may find them very useful in a year or two."

Advice to a Toper—Don't let your spirits go down.

Frenchman. "Madame, you charge ver mooch too big price for zat room."

Landlady. "Oh, you know we at the watering-places must make hay while the sun shines."

Frenchman (*indignant*). "Madame, you shall nevare make ze hay of me. You must not zink because all flesh is grass zat you can make hay of me."

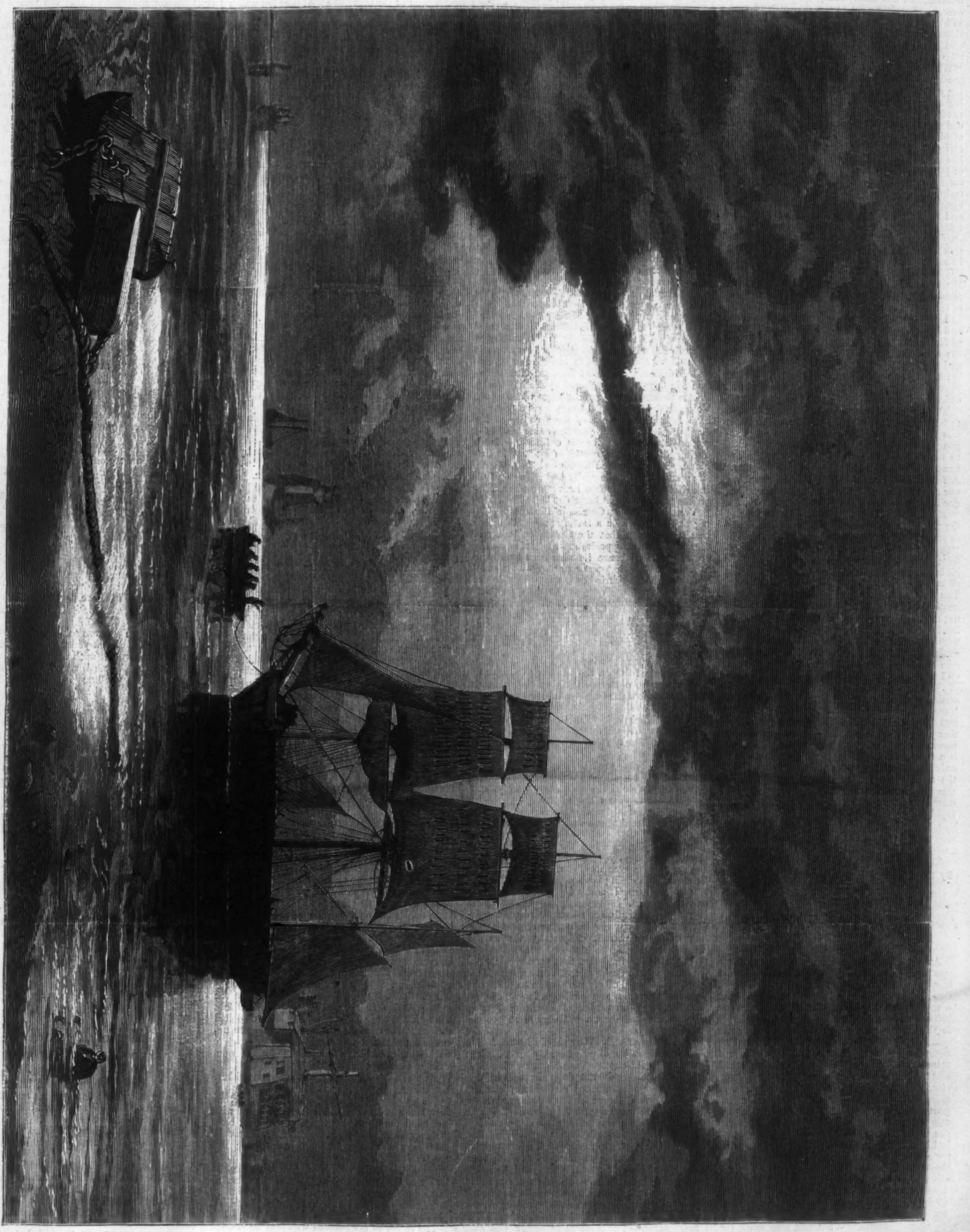

SENATOR REVELS
MISSISSIPPI
RECORD OF THE REBELL
U.S.
Th. Nast

"TIME WORKS WONDERS."

IAGO. (JEFF DAVIS.) "FOR THAT I DO SUSPECT THE LUSTY MOOR
HATH LEAP'D INTO MY SEAT: THE THOUGHT WHEREOF
DOTH LIKE A POISONOUS MINERAL GNAW MY INWARDS." — OTHELLO.

MOONLIGHT AT SEA.

Our illustration on this page is taken from a very beautiful painting by the late **Clarkson Stanfield**, who stood among the foremost of the great marine painters of England. The scene is supposed to be near the mouth of the Thames, looking out to sea. The oblique line of the bows shows that the anchored ship, which forms the most prominent object in the composition, is not of modern build. She is evidently a trader, also, and has dropped down the stream preparatory to going out to sea. The details of the composition are executed with that minute attention to correctness of drawing that characterized all of **Stanfield**'s work; and the gray, quiet, and tranquil tone that pervades every part throws the spirit of true poetry over sea and sky, which may also be taken as the presage of a happy and prosperous voyage.



MOONLIGHT AT SEA.—[From a Painting by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.]

PARISIAN FENCING-SCHOOLS.

There are few places which would afford more amusement to the thinking foreigner, who prefers to study men rather than stone, and qualities rather than peristyles, than the Paris fencing-schools. Here you meet the men of fashion, the men of the boulevards, downy-lipped aspirants for army commissions, students from the Latin quarter, but above all, ambitious journalists. Access as a spectator is easily obtained, and you may go far and hunt a great deal before finding an exhibition which lets you so far into French characteristics. There are many fencing-schools of all grades of fame, price, and accommodation. There are little rooms in darksome quarters where you may learn, after a fashion, for a trifling fee; and there are spacious, elegant saloons, kept by celebrated masters of the art, where the prices are relatively as high as are those of Victor Hugo for his novels, or of Gustave Doré for his illustrations. These saloons are decorated in a fashion appropriate to their use. They have suits of armor along the walls, elaborate collections of rapiers, swords, and sabres crossed athwart each other, pictures of tournaments, duels, and battles. But curious above all are the specimens of human nature which you see there. A fencing-saloon is a little theatre where there are quite as many originals as in the best of Sardou's comedies. The maitres d'armes, the awe of youthful beginners, and the admiration of the aptest of their scholars, betray in every look and motion their pride and conceit in their art, and seem to exhibit a sort of independence and bluffness arising from a consciousness that they can maintain their ground against all comers. They are the champion knights of the modern chivalry, and stride about their domain with much the same hauteur of physical prowess which the knights of old used to show. Still, their amour-propre is not unamiable; they are burly, gay, "good fellows and brave fellows," devoted heart and soul to their pupils, and especially proud of those who have pinked their man in the wood of Vincennes. They are loquacious, and if you happen to go in when half a dozen of the scholars are preparing for their lesson, you will hear the maitre regaling them with wonderful stories, in which he is always the hero; never having, if you will believe *him*, been hit with rapier or foil. It is odd *to* watch the countenances of the pupils *as they* parry and thrust with monsieur the *maitre*.

The best masters use the foils without buttons after the pupil has reached a certain stage of proficiency. Then it is that you may judge of the real quality and "grit" of the man. Pretending is out of the question when one has the naked foil in his hand. Hypocrisy abandons the coolest. The polite and polished man of the world dissolves before your eyes into the true man of nature, cool or rash, timid or bold, cunning or frank, sincere or subtle. A gentleman well known as skilled in the art relates that one day he fenced with what he regarded as good results to himself. He tells us that he had a bout with a very extensive agent of wines and liqueurs, who, previous to the sport, had offered to furnish him with some excellent wine, which our academician had nearly accepted. The fencing over, the narrator went to the maître, and said to him, "I will buy no Champagne of this gentleman." "Why?" "His wine must be adulterated; he denies that he was struck!" He applies the principle to prospective sons-in-law. "When a pretender to your daughter's hand presents himself, don't waste your time informing yourself of him, information of this sort being often unreliable; say simply to your future son-in-law, 'Will you have a bout?' At the end of a quarter of an hour you will know more of his character than after six weeks of investigation." The art of fencing, as it is in France, has its antagonistic schools, as well as the arts of painting and letters. Those who practice the art as it was practiced half a century ago are called the "old school;" those who follow the system of the "reformers" of fencing, Roussel and Lozés, pride themselves on being the "new school." The admirers of the art imagine that they see in it a revival or reform analogous to that which took place at about the same period in music, painting, and literature. What Rossini and Meyerbeer were in opera, Hugo and St. Beuve in letters, and De la Roche and his contemporaries in painting, Roussel and Lozés were in fencing—founders of a new era. Fencing has had, says a French writer, "its romanticism and its contests of schools." The "old school" of fencing was in harmony with the old manners, the old order of society and régime. Elegance and grace were its requirements and characteristics. It was an ornamental and polite art. Did your life hang in the balance, you must not be awkward.

To be "pinked" was a slight offense compared to falling out of the line of harmony. A blunder was literally worse than death. The very language of the old fencing-schools hinted their ideal to be classical and "academic." When one went to take lessons, he went to the "academy." A fencer could not formerly run in attacking, nor draw back the hand in thrusting, nor stoop, nor bend over, nor engage body with body, nor "take a stroke in rest." That is, in the time of the "old school," it was in verity an art, having as its object the harmonious and elegant. The "new school" is a science, aiming rather to produce a practical effect than an artistic one. To hit is its great purpose. The means were all in all in the old; they are insignificant in the new. The new proposes a real combat rather than a gentlemanly exhibition, and even uncouthness is not tabooed. It permits lying down, putting the head behind the knee, thumping or pounding with the sword, taking aim at the belly, giving strokes beneath; it reduces the whole art to one sole quality—quickness. The "old school" is still professed by many distinguished amateurs of fencing, and still holds its own as the most aristocratic and "gentlemanly" method. The "new school" is resorted to by "young France," and by the journalistic duelist, who usually either means, or would have it appear that he means, serious business. Between the two schools is a third, which aims at a compromise, and at uniting the excellences of both. Of this school, the most renowned of living French fencing-masters, Bertrand, was the inventor. He introduced a system of fencing at once regular and rapid, elegant and effective.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER V.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

At the Crown Inn in Shipley Magna there was intense excitement. Nothing like it had been known there within the memory of man, for, although the house boasted a tradition that a royal and gallant son of England had once passed a night beneath its roof, no one living in the old inn at the period of our story could remember that glorious occasion. Now there occupied the best rooms a foreign prince and princess! And there was the princess's maid, and the prince's valet, who were extremely superior, and troublesome, and discontented. And there had arrived a pair of horses, and a gorgeous carriage, and a London coachman, who was not quite so discontented as the maid and the valet, but fully as imposing and aristocratic in his own line. And as if these circumstances were not sufficiently interesting and stirring, there was added to them the crowning fact that the "princess" was a Daneshire lady, born and bred in the neighborhood, and that the scandal of her elopement—and she a clergyman's daughter!—was yet fresh and green in the chronicles of Shipley Magna. What had they come for? The hunting season was over; and the hunting was the only rational and legitimate reason why a stranger should ever come to Shipley Magna at all. At least, so opined the united conclaves of stable-yard and kitchen who sat in permanent judgment on the actions of their social superiors.

"Mayhap she have come to see her father," hazarded an apple-cheeked young scullery-maid, timidly. But this suggestion was scouted as highly improbable. Father, indeed! What did such as her care for fathers? She wouldn't ha' gone off and left him the way she did if so be she'd ha' had much feeling for her father. She'd a pretty good cheek to come back there at all after the way she'd disgraced herself. And this here prince—if so be he *were* a prince—must feel pretty uncomfortable when he thought about it. But to be sure he was a I-talian, and so, much in the way of moral indignation couldn't be expected from him. And then, you know, *her* mother was a foreigner. Certainly Mrs. Levincourt had never done nothing amiss, so far as the united conclaves could tell. But, you see, *it come out in the daughter*. Once a foreigner always a foreigner, you might depend upon that!

Nevertheless, in spite of the opinion of that critical and fallible pit audience that contemplates the performance of the more or less gilt heroes and heroines who strut and fret their hour on the stage of high life, a messenger was dispatched in a fly to Shipley-in-the-Wold, on the first morning after the arrival of the Prince and Princess de' Barletti, and the messenger was the bearer of a note addressed to the Reverend Charles Levincourt, Shipley Vicarage. The motives which had induced Veronica to revisit Daneshire were not entirely clear to herself. It was a caprice, she said. And then she supposed that she ought to try to see her father. Unless she made the first advance, he probably would never see her more. Well, she would make the advance. That she felt the advance easier to make from her present vantage-ground of prosperity she did not utter aloud.

Then there was in Veronica's heart an unappeased longing to dazzle, to surprise, to overwhelm her old acquaintances with her new grandeur. She even had a secret hope that such county magnates as Lady Alicia Renwick would receive her with the consideration due to a Princess de' Barletti. Lastly in the catalogue of motives for her visit to Shipley Magna must be set down a desire for any change that promised excitement. She had been married to Cesare five days, and was bored to death. As to Prince Cesare, he was willing to go wheresoever Veronica thought it good to go. He would fain have entered into some of the gayeties of the London season that was just beginning, and have recompensed himself for his enforced dullness during the first weary weeks of his stay in England. But he yielded readily to his bride's desire; and, besides, he really had a strong feeling that it would be but decent and becoming on her part to present herself to her father.

Veronica, Princess Cesare de' Barletti, was lying at full length on a broad squab sofa in the best sitting-room that the Crown could boast. Her husband sat opposite to her, half buried in an easy-chair, whence he rose occasionally to look out of the window, or to play with a small Spitz dog that lay curled up on a cushion on the broad window-sill. Veronica gave a quick, impatient sigh, and turned uneasily.

"Anima mia," said Cesare. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing! Faugh! How stuffy the room is!"

"Shall I open the window?"

"Nonsense! Open the window with an east wind blowing over the wolds right into the room? You don't know the Shipley climate as well as I do!"

"How delicious it must be at Naples now!" observed Cesare, wistfully.

"I hope I may never see Naples again! I hate it!"

"Oibò! Never see Naples again? You don't mean it!"

"What a time that man is gone to Shipley!"

"Is it far to your father's house?"

"I told you. Five English miles. It is no distance. I could have walked there and back in the time."

"It is a pity, cara mia, that you did not take my advice and go yourself. I should have been delighted to accompany you. It would have been more becoming toward your father."

"No, Cesare; it is not a pity. And you do not understand."

"I can, in truth, see no reason why a daughter should not pay her father the respect of going to him in person. Especially after such a long absence."

"I tell you, simpleton, that papa would rather himself have the option of coming here if he prefers it instead of my walking in to the vicarage unexpectedly, and causing a fuss and an esclandre, and—who knows," she added, more gloomily, "whether he will choose to see me at all?"

"See you at all! Why should he not? He—he will not be displeased at your marriage with me, will he?"

"No—no. I do not fancy he will be displeased at *that!*" returned Veronica, with a half-compassionate glance at her bridegroom. In truth Cesare was very far from having any idea of the service his name could do to Veronica. He was a poor devil; she a wealthy widow. Per Bacco! How many of his countrymen would jump at such an alliance! Not to mention that the lady was a young and beautiful woman with whom he was passionately in love!

"Very well then, mio tesoro adorato, then I maintain that it behooved *us* to go to your father. As to a fuss—why, of course, there would be some agreeable excitement in seeing you once more in your own home!" said Cesare, to whose imagination a "fuss" that involved no personal exertion on his own part was by no means a terrible prospect. After a moment's silence, broken only by the ill-tempered "yap" of the sleepy little Spitz dog, whose ears he was pulling, Cesare resumed: "What did you say to your father, Veronica mia? You would not let me see the note. I wished to have added a line expressive of my respect and desire to see him."

"That doesn't matter. You can say all your pretty speeches vivâ voce."

The truth was that Veronica would have been most unwilling that Cesare should see her letter to her father. It was couched in terms more like those of an enemy tired of hostilities, and willing to make peace, than such as would have befitted a penitent and affectionate daughter. But it was not ill calculated to produce the effect she desired on the vicar. She had kept well before him the facts of her princess-ship, of her wealth, and of the brilliant social position which (she was persuaded) was awaiting her. A prodigal son, who should have returned in rags and tatters, and been barked at by the house-dog, would have had a much worse chance with Mr. Levincourt than one who should have appeared in such guise as to elicit the respectful bows of every lackey in his father's hall. People have widely different conceptions of what is disgraceful. Then, too, Veronica had clearly conveyed in her note that if her father would come to see her, he should be spared a "scene." No exigent demands should be made on his emotions. A combination of circumstances favored the reception of her letter by the vicar. He was alone in his garden when the fly drove up to the gate. Maud was absent. There was not even a servant's eye upon him, under whose inspection he might have deemed it necessary to assume a rigor and indignation he had ceased to feel. There was the carriage waiting to take him back at once if he would go. He felt that if he did not seize this opportunity, he might never see his daughter more. After scarcely a minute's hesitation, he opened the house door, called to Joanna that he was going to Shipley Magna, and stepped into the vehicle. It chanced, as the reader is aware, that his servants knew as well as he did who it was that awaited him at Shipley Magna. Joe Dowsett had met his friend, the head hostler of the Crown Inn, at Sack's farm, that morning, and the arrival of the prince and princess had been fully discussed between them. But of this the vicar was in happy ignorance, as he was driven along the winding road across "the hills" to Shipley.

"Here is our messenger returned!" exclaimed Barletti, suddenly, as from his post at the window he perceived the fly jingling up the High Street. "It is he! I recognize the horse by his fatness. Sommi dei, is he fat, that animal! And I think I see some one inside the carriage. Yes—yes! It is, it must be your father!"

Veronica sprang from the sofa, and ran toward a door that led into the adjoining chamber.

"Stay, dearest; that is not the way!" cried Cesare. "Come, here is the door of the corridor; come, we will go down and meet him together."

But that had been by no means Veronica's intention. In the first agitation of learning her father's approach she had started up with simply an instinctive, unreasoning impulse to run away. At Cesare's words she strove to command herself, and sank down again in a sitting posture on the sofa.

"No—no—no, Cesare," she said, in a low, breathless tone. "I—I was crazy to think of such a thing! It would never do to meet papa in the inn-yard before all those people. He would not like it. Stay with me, Cesare."

She took his hand in hers, and held it with an almost convulsively tight grasp. Thus they waited silently, hand in hand. Her emotion had infected Cesare, and he had turned quite pale. It was probably not more than three minutes from the moment of Cesare's first seeing the fly that they waited thus. But it seemed to Veronica as though a long period had elapsed between that moment and the opening of the sitting-room door.

"The vicar of Shipley," announced the prince's English valet, who condescended to act on occasion as groom of the chambers.

"Papa!"

"My dear child! My dear Veronica!"

It was over. The meeting looked forward to with such mingled feelings had taken place, almost without a tear being shed. The vicar's eyes were moistened a little. Veronica did not cry, but she was as pale as the false color on her cheeks would let her be, and she trembled, and her heart beat fast; but she alone knew this, and she strove to hide it. She had put her arms round her father's neck and kissed him. And he had held her for a moment in his embrace. Then they sat down side by side on the sofa. And then they perceived, for the first time, that Prince Cesare de' Barletti, who had retired to the window, was crying in a quite unconcealed manner, and noisily using a large white pocket-handkerchief, which filled the whole room with an odor as of a perfumer's shop.

"Cesare," called Veronica, "come hither. Let me present you to my father."

Cesare wiped his eyes, put the odoriferous handkerchief into his pocket, and advanced with extended hands to the vicar. He would have embraced him, but he conceived that that would have been a solecism in English manners; and Cesare flattered himself that although his knowledge of the language was as yet imperfect, he had very happily acquired the outward bearing of an Englishman.

"It is a moment I have long desired," said he, shaking the vicar's right hand between both his. "The father of my beloved wife may be assured of my truest respect and affection."

There was a real charm and grace in the way in which Cesare said these words. It was entirely free from awkwardness or constraint; and uttered in his native Italian, the words themselves appeared thoroughly simple and natural.

Mr. Levincourt was favorably impressed by his son-in-law at once. He warmly returned the grasp of Cesare's hand, and said to his daughter, "Tell Prince Barletti that, although my Italian has grown rusty on my tongue, I fully understand what he says, and thank him for it."

"Oh, Cesare speaks a little English," returned Veronica, smiling. She was growing more at her ease every moment. The reaction from her brief trepidation and depression sent her spirits up rapidly. She recovered herself sufficiently to observe her father's face closely, and to think, "Papa is really a very handsome man still. I wonder if Cesare expected to see a person of such distinguished appearance." Then in the next instant she noticed that the vicar's dress was decidedly less careful than of yore: and she perceived in his bearing—in the negligence of his attitude—some traces of that subtle, general deterioration which it had so pained Maud to discover. But she was seeing him under a better aspect than any Maud had yet witnessed since her return to Shipley. The vicar was not so far changed from his former self as to be indifferent to the impression he was making on Prince Barletti. They all three sat and talked much as they might have done had Veronica parted from her father to go on a wedding-tour with her bridegroom, and was meeting him for the first time after a happy honey-moon. They sat and talked almost as though such a being as Sir John Gale had never crossed the threshold of Shipley vicarage. In Cesare this came about naturally enough. But Veronica, despite her languid princess air, was ceaselessly on the watch to turn his indiscreet tongue from dangerous topics.

And so things went on with delightful smoothness. The vicar, being pressed, consented to remain and dine with his daughter and son-in-law, and to be driven home by them in the evening. Down stairs the united conclaves were greatly interested in this new act of the drama, and criticised the performers in it with considerable vivacity.

CHAPTER VI.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

"And how long do you purpose remaining here?" asked the vicar, addressing his son-in-law, as they sat at table. "I presume this is merely on the way to some other place. Do you go northward? It is too early for the Lakes, and still more so for the Highlands."

Cesare looked at his wife.

"Well, how long we remain will depend on several things," answered Veronica. "We were not en route for any special destination. I did not know that Shipley Magna *could* be en route for any place. No; we came down here to see you, papa."

"Yet you have had a carriage sent down, you say?"

"Ah, yes; an' 'orses," put in Cesare; "I-a, want-a, to guide-a."

"Don't be alarmed, papa. Cesare is not going to drive us this evening. We have a pretty good coachman, I believe."

"Then you *had* some intention of making a stay here?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so. But really I don't think I ever have what you would call an intention. That suggests such a vigorous operation of the mind. We shall stay if it suits us. If not—not; don't you know?"

Veronica uttered these words with the most exaggerated assumption of languid fine-ladyism. The time had been when such an affectation on her part would not have escaped some caustic reproof from the vicar's tongue. As it was, he merely looked at her in silence. Cesare followed his glance, and shook his head compassionately. "Ah," said he, in his own language, "she is not strong, our dearest Veronica. She has certain moments so languid, so depressed."

The vicar was for a second uncertain whether Barletti spoke ironically or in good faith. But there was no mistaking the simplicity of his face.

"Is she not strong?" said the vicar. "She used to be very healthy."

"Oh, I am quite well, papa. Only I get *so* tired," drawled out the princess.

Her father looked at her again more attentively. Her skin was so artificially colored that there was small indication of the real state of her health to be drawn from that. But the dark rings round her eyes were natural. Her figure had not grown thinner, but her hands seemed wasted, and there was a slight puffy fullness about her cheeks and jaw.

"She does *not* look very strong," said the vicar; "and—I have observed that she eats nothing."

"No! Is it not true? I have told her so, have I not, mia cara? You are right, Signor Vicario; she eats nothing. More Champagne? Don't take it. Who knows what stuff it is made of?"

"Cesare, I beg you will not be absurd," returned Veronica, with a frown, and an angry flush of her eyes. "It keeps me up. I require stimulants. Don't you remember the doctor said I required stimulants?"

"Apropos of doctors," said the vicar, with an amused smile, "you have not asked after little Plew."

"Oh, poor little Plew! What is he doing?" asked Veronica. She had subsided again into her nonchalant air, temporarily interrupted by the flash of temper, and asked after Mr. Plew with the tolerant condescension of a superior being.

"What-a is Ploo?" demanded the prince.

The vicar explained. And, being cheered by a good dinner and a glass of very fair sherry (he had prudently eschewed the Crown Champagne) into something as near jollity as he ever approached—for the vicar was a man who could smile, but rarely laughed—he treated them to a burlesque account of Miss Turtle's passion.

"How immensely comic!" said Veronica, slowly. She had reached such a point of princess-ship that she could barely take the trouble to part her red lips in a smile at the expense of these lower creatures. Nevertheless there was in her heart a movement of very vulgar and plebeian jealousy. Jealousy! Jealousy of Mr. Plew? Jealousy of power; jealousy of admiration; jealousy of the hold she had over this man; jealousy, yes, jealousy of the possibility of the village surgeon comparing her to her disadvantage with any other woman, and giving to that other something that, with all his blind idolatry of old days, she felt he had *never* given to her—sincere and manly respect. She would not have him feel for any woman what an honest man feels for his honest wife.

"I suppose," she said, after a pause, "that poor little Plew will marry her."

"Oh, I suppose so," returned the vicar, carelessly. "It would do very well. Maud thinks he will not; but that's nonsense. Plew is not very enterprising or ardent, but if the lady will but persevere he'll yield: not a doubt of it!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Veronica, toying with her bracelet, and looking as though she were ineffably weary of the whole subject. In that moment she was foreseeing a gleam of wished-for excitement in Shipley.

After dinner—which had been expressly ordered a couple of hours earlier than usual—they all drove along the winding turf-bordered road toward Shipley-in-the-Wold. It was a clear spring evening. The distant prospect melted away into faint blues and grays. A shower had hung bright drops on the budding hawthorn hedges. The air blew sweet and fresh across the rolling wold. Not one of the three persons who occupied Prince Cesare Barletti's handsome carriage was specially pervious to the influences of such a scene and hour. But they all, from whatsoever motive, kept silence for a time. Barletti enjoyed the smooth easy motion of the well-hung vehicle. But he thought the landscape around him very dull. And, besides, he was the victim of an unfulfilled ambition to mount up on the high box and drive. He was speculating on the chances of Veronica's permitting him to do so as they drove back from the vicarage. But then, even if she consented, what was to become of Dickinson, his man, who was seated beside the coachman? He could not be put into the carriage with his mistress, that was clear. To be sure the distance was not very great. He might—he might perhaps walk back! But even as this bold idea passed through Cesare's mind he dismissed it, as knowing it to appertain to the category of day-dreams. Dickinson was a very oppressive personage to his master. His gravity, severity, and machine-like imperturbability kept poor Cesare in subjection. Not that Cesare had not a sufficient strain of the grand seigneur in him to have asserted his own will and pleasure, with perfect disregard to the opinion of any servant of his own nation, but he relied on Dickinson to assist him in his endeavor to acquire the tone of English manners.

His first rebuff from Dickinson had been in the matter of a pair of drab gaiters which the prince had bought on his own responsibility. These he had put on to sally forth in at St. Leonard's, whither he had gone with his bride immediately on his marriage; and in conjunction with a tartan neck-cloth fastened by a gold fox's head with garnet eyes, they had given him, he flattered himself, the air of a distinguished member of the Jockey Club at the very least. Dickinson's disapproval of the gaiters was, however, so pronounced, that Cesare reluctantly abandoned them. And from that hour his valet's iron rule over his wardrobe was established.

On these and such-like weighty matters was Prince Barletti pondering as he rolled along in his carriage. Veronica leaned back in an elaborately easy attitude, and while apparently steeped in elegant languor, was keeping a sharp look-out in case her secret desire of meeting some old acquaintance on the road should chance to be fulfilled. The vicar was busy with his own private thoughts and speculations. The road was quite deserted until they neared the village of Shipley. Then the noise of the passing carriage attracted one or two faces to the cottage windows, and a dog or two barked violently at the heels of the horses. Such of the denizens of Shipley as saw Prince Barletti's equipage stared at it until it was out of sight. It was all so bright and showy, and brand-new. Very different from the solid, well-preserved vehicles in which most of the neighboring gentry were seen to drive about the country. There was a great blazon of arms on the shining panels. The coachman's livery was of outlandish gorgeousness, and the harness glittered with silver. A vivid recollection darted into Veronica's mind, as the carriage dashed through the village street, of that moonlit night when the jingling old fly from the Crown Inn, which she and her father occupied, had drawn aside to let Dr. Begbie's carriage pass, as they drove home from the dinner-party at Lowater House.

"Who is that respectable signora?" asked Cesare of his wife, at the same time raising his hat and executing a bow with much suavity.

"Eh? Where? What respectable signora?"

"There—that rotund, blooming English matron. What a freshness on her cheeks!"

It was Mrs. Meggitt to whom Barletti alluded. The worthy woman's cheeks were indeed all aglow with excitement. She stood by the wayside, nodding and smiling to the vicar, who slightly—one might almost say furtively—returned her salute. From behind the ample shelter of Mrs. Meggitt's shoulder appeared the pale, pinched countenance of Miss Turtle. Her eyes saw nothing but Veronica. Their wide, steady stare took in every detail of the beauty's rich garments: the delicate, costly little bonnet sitting so lightly on a complicated mass of jetty coils and plaits; the gleam of a chain around her neck; the perfection of her gray gloves; the low, elaborate waves of hair on her forehead; and be sure that Miss Turtle did not fail to observe that the princess was painted!

"Cesare! Per carità! What are you doing? Pray, be quiet!" exclaimed Veronica, quickly, as she saw her lord about to pull off his hat once more.

"Ma come? Cosa c'è? Why may I not bow to the respectable matron?"

"Nonsense; be quiet! She is a farmer's wife. And I must say, I never saw a more presumptuous manner of saluting her clergyman. What has come to the woman, papa? She is nodding and grinning like a ridiculous old china image!"

"She did not nod and grin at *you*, Veronica," returned the vicar, with unexpected heat, and in a flurried, quick way. "I have a great liking and—and—respect—a great respect—for Mrs. Meggitt. I have received kindness and comfort from her and hers when I was deserted and alone. Yes, quite lonely and miserable. And let me tell you, that it would have done you no harm to return her salute. If you expect Shipley people to ko-too to you, you are mistaken. Your husband, who was to the manner born, understands how to play prince a great deal better than you have yet learned to act princess!"

Veronica was too genuinely surprised to utter a word. But silence was in keeping with the tone of disdainful nonchalance she had lately chosen to assume, and eked out by a slight raising of the brows, and a still slighter shrug of the shoulders, it was sufficiently expressive.

Cesare did not understand all that had passed between the father and daughter, and indeed had paid but slight attention to it, being occupied with gazing after Mrs. Meggitt. He was delighted with the good lady's appearance, as approaching more nearly than any thing he had yet seen to his ideal of the color, form, and size of a thoroughbred, average Englishwoman.

He had not got over his fit of admiration when the carriage arrived at the corner of Bassett's Lane, which, as the reader knows, was skirted on one side by the wall of the vicarage garden. The coachman pulled up his horses, and Dickinson, hat in hand, looked down into the carriage for orders.

"Which way is he to take, your 'Ighness?" demanded Dickinson.

Suddenly it rushed upon Veronica that she could not bear to be driven up Bassett's Lane to the back-door of the garden. She had felt no emotion, or scarcely any, so far, on revisiting her old home. But the events of a certain February gloaming were so indissolubly associated in her memory with that one special spot that she shuddered to approach it. The whole scene was instantly present to her mind—the chill murky sky, the heap of flint stones, the carter holding the trembling horse, and on the ground Joe Dowsett, with that unconscious, scarlet-coated, mud-bespattered figure in his arms!

She sank back shivering into a corner of the carriage, and said, in a voice little louder than a whisper, "Not that way, papa!" The vicar partly understood her feeling. But he could not understand why that spot, and that alone, out of all the numerous places and persons connected with the past that she had hitherto seen, should so move her. She herself could not have told why; but it indubitably was so.

Cesare had marked her changing face and voice. He leaned forward and took her hand. "Cara mia diletta," he murmured, "you are chill! This evening air is too sharp for you. I saw you shiver! Did not your maid put a shawl into the carriage? Let me wrap you more warmly."

Veronica accepted his assumption, and suffered herself to be enfolded in the shawl. The vicar meanwhile explained to Dickinson the road which the coachman must follow to approach the vicarage by the side of St. Gildas.

"You will see a specimen of our ancient church architecture," said Mr. Levincourt to his son-in-law, in labored and highly uncolloquial Italian.

Cesare professed himself much interested. But when his eyes lighted on the squat tower of the old church, and the bleak, barren graveyard, he stared around him as though he had in some way missed the object he was bidden to look at, and as though *that* could not surely be the "specimen of ancient church architecture."

"Why, there is Maudie on the look-out for me," said the vicar. "How surprised she will be! And who is that with her? I declare it is—yes, positively it is Mr. Plew!"

THE WIVES OF GREAT MEN.

The large number of eminent descendants from illustrious men must not be looked upon as expressing the results of their marriage with mediocre women; for the average ability of the wives of such men is above mediocrity, contrary to the commonly expressed opinion that clever men marry silly women. It is not easy to prove my point without a considerable mass of quotations to show the estimation in which the wives of a large body of illustrious men were held by their intimate friends; but the two following arguments are not without weight. First, the lady whom a man marries is very commonly one whom he has often met in the society of his own friends, and therefore not likely to be a silly woman. She is also usually related to some of them, and therefore has a probability of being hereditarily gifted. Secondly, as a matter of fact, a large number of eminent men marry eminent women. Philip II. of Macedon and Olympias; Cæsar's *liaison* with Cleopatra; Marlborough and his most able wife; Helvetius married a charming lady, whose hand was also sought by both Franklin and Turgot; August Wilhelm von Schlegel was heart and soul devoted to Madame De Staël; Necker's wife was a blue-stocking of the purest hue; Robert Stephens, the learned printer, had Petronella for his wife; the Lord Keeper Sir Nicholas Bacon and the great Lord Burleigh married two of the highly accomplished daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke. All these names are those of decidedly eminent women. They establish the existence of a tendency of "like to like" among intellectual men and women. On the other hand, there is no evidence of a strongly marked antagonistic taste—of clever men liking really half-witted women. A man may be conscious of serious defects in his character, and select a wife to supplement what he wants, as a shy man may be attracted by a woman who has no other merits than those of a talker and manager. Also, a young awkward philosopher may accredit the first girl who cares to show an interest in him with greater intelligence than she possesses. But these are exceptional instances; the great fact remains that able men take pleasure in the society of intelligent women, and, if they can find such as would in other respects be suitable, they will marry them in preference to mediocrities.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The readers of "The Dodge Club Abroad" and "Cord and Creese" will be glad to learn that a new novel, "The Cryptogram," by the author of those popular works, will be commenced in the next number of *Harper's Bazar*. This story is one of great dramatic power and thrilling interest, and we would call the attention of the public to its opening chapters.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," seems a solemn truth as anxious days and weeks have passed by, and no news has come of the missing steamer *City of Boston*. The past holds a melancholy record of wrecked ocean steamers, though the total disappearance of a vessel, with the loss of all on board, is a rare disaster. "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates," recently published, and an invaluable book of reference, contains a long list, no less than seven columns, of remarkable wrecks. Some, which have occurred within the last thirty years, stand out sadly prominent in the dismal catalogue. The *President* sailed from New York, March 11, 1841, with many passengers. Two days after she encountered a terrible storm, and was never heard of afterward. In September, 1854, the United States Mail steamer *Arctic* collided in a fog with the *Vesta*, a French steamer, off Newfoundland, and over 300 lives were lost. The *City of Glasgow*, with 480 persons on board, disappeared in November of the same year. The *Pacific*, a Collins steamer, left Liverpool for New York, January 23, 1856. It was never heard of afterward, and is supposed to have struck an iceberg; 186 persons were on board. The clipper *Dunbar*, with 121 persons and a valuable cargo on board, was wrecked, near Sydney, August 20, 1857. Only one escaped to tell the tale—he was rescued after having been upon the rocks thirty hours. When the *Central America* foundered at sea, September 12, 1857, out of the 579 on board only 152 were saved. The *Austria*, a steam emigrant ship, was burned, in mid-ocean, September 13, 1858, and of the 538 on board but 67 escaped. The *Powhatan*, an American ship, from Liverpool to New York, with 419 on board, was wrecked in April, 1859, only 24 being saved. The same year 446 lives were lost by the wreck of the *Royal Charter*. In September, 1860, 287 lives were lost in consequence of the sinking of the *Lady Elgin*, by collision, on Lake Michigan. The *Anglo-Saxon* was wrecked in 1863, and the *London* in 1866, by which disasters more than 450 lives were lost. Such are some of the sad records of the past. The number of wrecks occurring every year is far greater than is generally supposed.

At the recent sale of the Rice Library in this city an illustrated copy of Dibdin's "Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany," in six volumes, brought the remarkable price of $1920. The finest known copy of Eliot's Indian Bible, published in 1663, was sold for $1050—a fair price, it is thought, for a book which only one man on the American continent can read.

We understand that Governor Hoffman has signed the bill empowering the city of New York to lease a block between Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth Streets to the Sisters of Charity for the purpose of erecting a great foundling hospital thereon.

The Bombay *Gazette* tells a little anecdote of the Duke of Edinburgh. "At Agra he inquired whether the city had a lunatic asylum. On being informed that such an institution would be of no utility in the place, he devoutly thanked Heaven, observing that wherever there was one they invariably took him there, and he always found the word 'welcome' in large letters over the entrance."

The first edition of Charles Dickens's new novel will consist of 70,000 copies.—It has been reported that Père Hyacinthe was about to edit a paper in Paris. This statement is now contradicted; but it is said that he will assist his brother, who is soon to start *La Concorde*, in connection with several ecclesiastical and literary celebrities.—"The History of the Œcumenical Council" is to be published in six magnificent volumes.—"Feathers and Arrows" is the name of a new volume of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, now in press.—A new publication highly spoken of by the English papers is Messrs. Sampson Low & Son's *Photographic Art Journal*, illustrated with photographs printed in permanent pigments.—Gustave Doré is reported to be about to make an artistic tour through the United States.

The West Side Elevated Railway is now completed to the Hudson River Dépôt at Thirtieth Street, and will soon be opened to the public. The road commences at the lower end of Greenwich Street, running along its east side to Ninth Avenue, which it crosses, and continues on the west side of the Avenue to Thirty-first Street. The track is supported by iron columns strongly bolted together. The engines are situated at Cortlandt, Franklin, and Twenty-second streets. The cars are similar to those on the ordinary street railroads.

Not many months ago a peasant woman entered a church near Tivoli, in Italy, and standing before an altar dedicated to St. Antony of Padua, addressed the saint in the wildest and most excited manner. "Thou art a cheat," she exclaimed; "a thief, a villain! I have brought thee candles, I have given thee oil and wine, and yet thou hast permitted my child, the son of a widow, to die. Thou art a villainous cheat." An English visitor in the church, concerned for the sanity of the woman, applied to a priest who was praying from his breviary. "Sir," replied the priest, "I will not say that the peasant woman is right in acting as she does, but she is not entirely in the wrong. She really has made St. Antony a number of presents, at some personal inconvenience to herself; for the widow is poor, and yet the saint has done nothing for her—her child is dead. We must allow the poor woman to speak her mind freely, for her complaints are just."

Are Cambridge (Mass.) scholars worse than the general run of pupils? Or is there a deficiency of moral power among the teachers, that it is deemed necessary to restore the discipline of the rod? Report says that the old policy, somewhat modified, is to be re-adopted.

Death at a gaming-table! What scene could be more fearful? A short time ago a middle-aged man entered the gaming-saloon at Koethen, in the principality of Anhalt. He sat down at a table and soon won one thousand ducats. The money was passed over to him, but he did not take it up. Presently some one touched him on the shoulder, and asked if he wished to continue. The man continued immovable, and it was discovered that he was dead! The man in charge of the table then raked up the gold, saying that it belonged to the bank, as no engagement could have been entered into with a corpse. The heirs of the deceased are not convinced of the soundness of this reasoning, and they have commenced an action for the recovery of the sum.

It is intended to erect a suitable monument to Luther at Eisleben, the town where he was born. It is hoped it will be completed before November 10, 1883, the four-hundredth anniversary of the Reformer's birth.

The increase of pauperism in London is spoken of as "alarming." In addition to nearly one hundred thousand poor who are in receipt of regular aid, there are nearly as many more "casuals"—persons who apply for meals or lodgings.

Rev. Aziel Backus, the first President of Hamilton College, was well known as a wit in his earlier days; and while connected with the college his quaint sayings were a constant source of amusement. Once, on being asked his opinion of a brilliant but rambling and incoherent sermon, he extinguished the glory of the young preacher who had delivered it in the college pulpit, by saying: "It would take a spry man to think of the text and the sermon simultaneously. They were so far apart that if the text had had the small-pox, the sermon would never have caught it."

A fond father, who believed in transmitted greatness, sent his son to President Backus with a letter, in which he said he was aware his boy would seem to be a little backward and slow, and perhaps poorly fitted for the freshman class; but he trusted the President's watchful care would be rewarded by finding a talent or two hid away in the napkin. When the slow freshman returned for his first vacation, he carried to his father a written assurance from the President that he had "shaken the napkin by its corners, without seeing the first sign of a hidden talent."

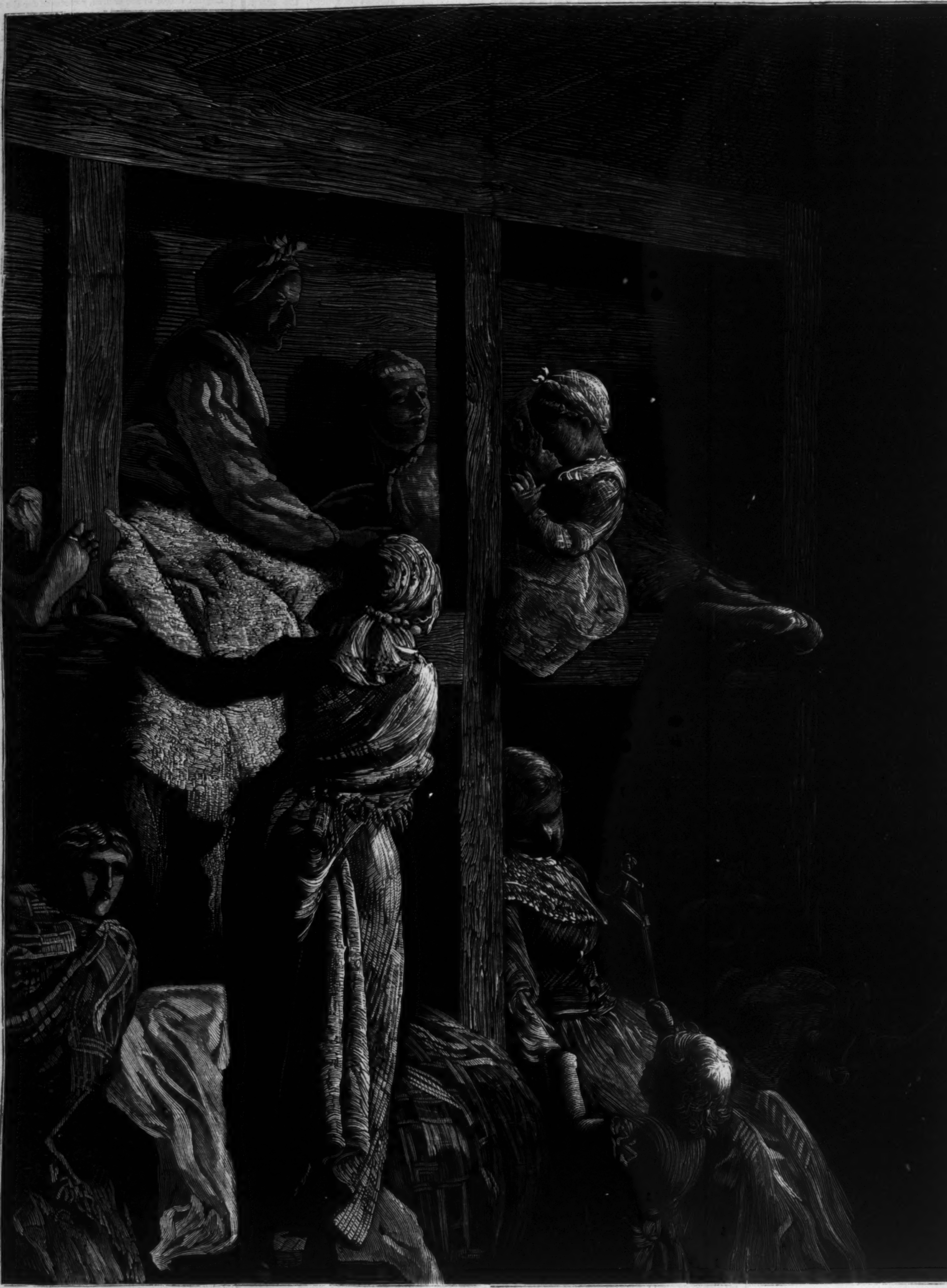
There are in the city of New York no less than seven thousand saloons whose exclusive business is to serve up to customers oysters, in the form of stews, fries, roasts, broils, or *raws*. Every body eats oysters for nine months in the year, and regrets he can not for twelve. The richest oyster-beds are found along the indented coast of the Atlantic Ocean. In the vicinity of New York they are abundant. It would be almost impossible to mention all the different varieties that are brought to market, although a few favorite kinds are most in demand. Not less than ten thousand men are engaged in the shipment of oysters to New York; and thousands of bushels are annually shipped to Europe.

Many persons believe that various little personal peculiarities are strongly indicative of character. The *Horoscope*, a Paris paper, thinks that the style of laughing is an index of character; that "Ha, ha" shows the laugher to be frank, fickle, noisy, and nervous. "He, he, he" is the laugh of a phlegmatic and melancholy person, or of one timid and irresolute. "Ho, ho" betokens a man of firmness and generosity. Those who laugh "Hu, hu" are avaricious, hypocritical, and take pleasure in nothing.

Coarse black hair and dark skin are said to denote great force of character; fine black hair to indicate not only strength of character, but also purity and goodness. Stiff black hair indicates a coarse, strong, rigid character. Harsh, upright hair is the sign of a reticence and harshness. Coarse red hair indicates powerful animal passions, with a corresponding strength of character. Auburn hair, with florid countenance, denotes intensity of feeling, purity, with the highest capacity for enjoyment or suffering. Straight, even, smooth, glossy hair denotes strength, harmony, and evenness of character. Fine, silky, supple hair is the mark of a delicate and sensitive temperament. Crisp, curly hair indicates a hasty and somewhat impetuous character. White hair denotes a lymphatic and indolent constitution. There are chemical properties residing in the coloring matter of the hair-tube which undoubtedly have some effect upon the disposition. Red hair is proved by analysis to contain a large amount of sulphur, while very black hair is colored with almost pure carbon. The presence of these matters in the blood points to peculiarities of temperament and feeling which are almost universally associated with them.

The gait is sometimes regarded as an index of character. Observing persons are said to move slowly. Careful people lift their feet high and place them down flat and firm. Calculating persons generally walk with their hands in their pockets and their heads slightly inclined. Modest persons step lightly, for fear of being observed. The timid often step off the side-walk on meeting another, and always go around a stone instead of stepping over it! Wide-awake persons have a long swing to their arms, while they shake about miscellaneously. The careless are forever stubbing their toes. The lazy scrape about loosely with their heels. Very strong-minded persons have a kind of stamp movement. Unstable persons walk fast and slow by turns.

Concerning eyes, it has been said that "a woman with a hazel eye never elopes from her husband, never chats scandal, never sacrifices her husband's comfort for her own, never talks too much or too little, and is always an entertaining, agreeable, and affectionate companion." Doubtless—but we know women with blue, black, brown, and gray eyes of whom as much [illegible] may be truly said.



STEERAGE BUNKS.

STEERAGE BUNKS.

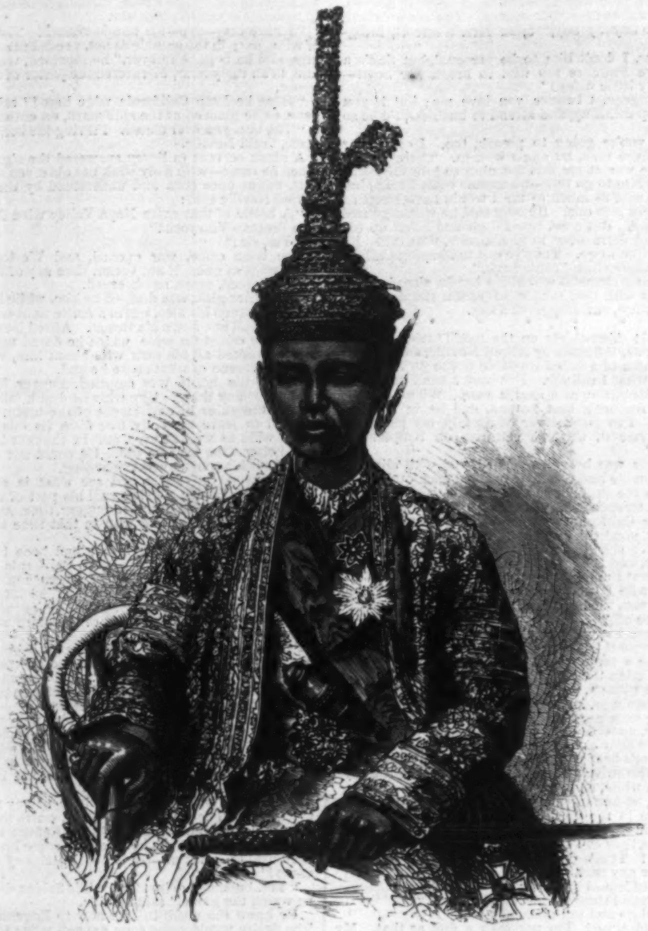
The discomforts of a long ocean voyage are sufficiently trying to the nerves, even when alleviated by all the luxuries and comforts of the first-cabin. To be sure, the first-cabin, or saloon, as it is now generally called, is small and cramped, and the state-rooms are narrow, dark, and close; but these accommodations are palatial in comparison with the steerage—the quarters where the poor emigrants are huddled together like beasts in pens. Their Atlantic voyage is any thing but a holiday trip. They are literally packed together in a dark, cavernous part of the vessel; they have their food doled out to them in rations; they have but little space among the ropes and beams of the forward decks wherein to "take the air;" and they must live during the voyage in an atmosphere which is close at best, and is too often tainted with disease. See, in the picture, how they are crowded up together, and how rude are their berths and surroundings! The poor ill woman in the corner has scarcely space to move; one man's berth is so narrow that his feet project over it. Still, the emigrants make the best of things. Some one has given the shaggy-haired little girl a toy, which she exultingly displays to her sea-sick mother; another little girl is unraveling a string puzzle; and the interested faces of the two women who are watching her show that even in this dark hole there are cheerful, contented souls. On calm nights, when the sea is still, and the steamer rolls steadily and gently across the waves, you may hear songs rising from the steerage, and see the emigrants standing in groups on the forward deck, the men smoking and chewing, and the women, their arms burdened with infants, chatting together and watching the spray and the surging sea.

SHEEP IN WINTER-TIME.

The pretty winter pastoral on page 237, engraved from a drawing by Mr. Harrison Weir, is thoroughly English in general character and detail. Few American farms present the picturesque material to be found on those of England; the graceful rows of hedges, the cottages and outbuildings, with their thatched roofs and projecting eaves, offer a striking contrast to the ungainly fences and the prim, unromantic country architecture in which American farmers delight. It is to be hoped the time may come here when these simple but enjoyable elements of beauty will not be considered incompatible with thrift and enterprise.

SUBTRACTION.

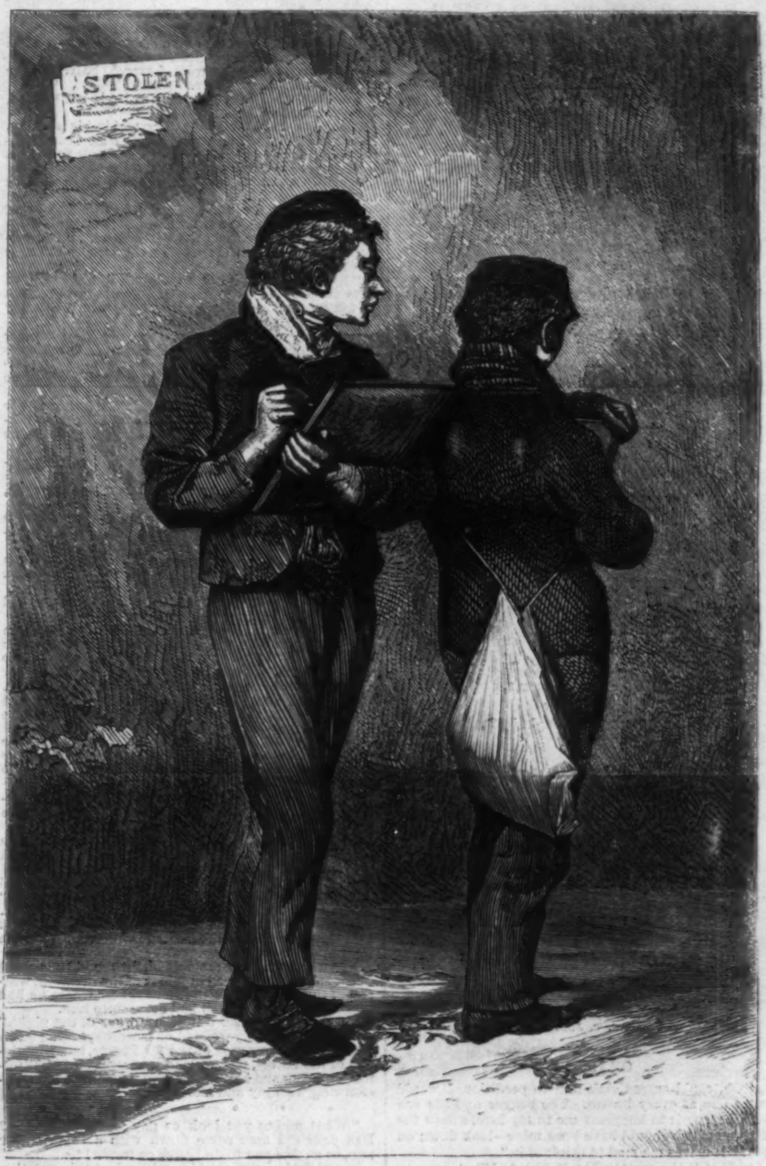
The illustration with the above heading, on page 237, engraved from a clever drawing by Mr. J. Mahony, a young English artist of considerable promise, hardly requires explanation. The two boys are evidently on their way to school, sauntering slowly along through the snow, and making up for lost time on their arithmetic lesson, which, as the title suggests, involves the mysteries of subtraction. The younger boy appears to be the quicker at figures; and his duller or lazier companion quietly "subtracts" the results of his calculations while looking over his shoulder.



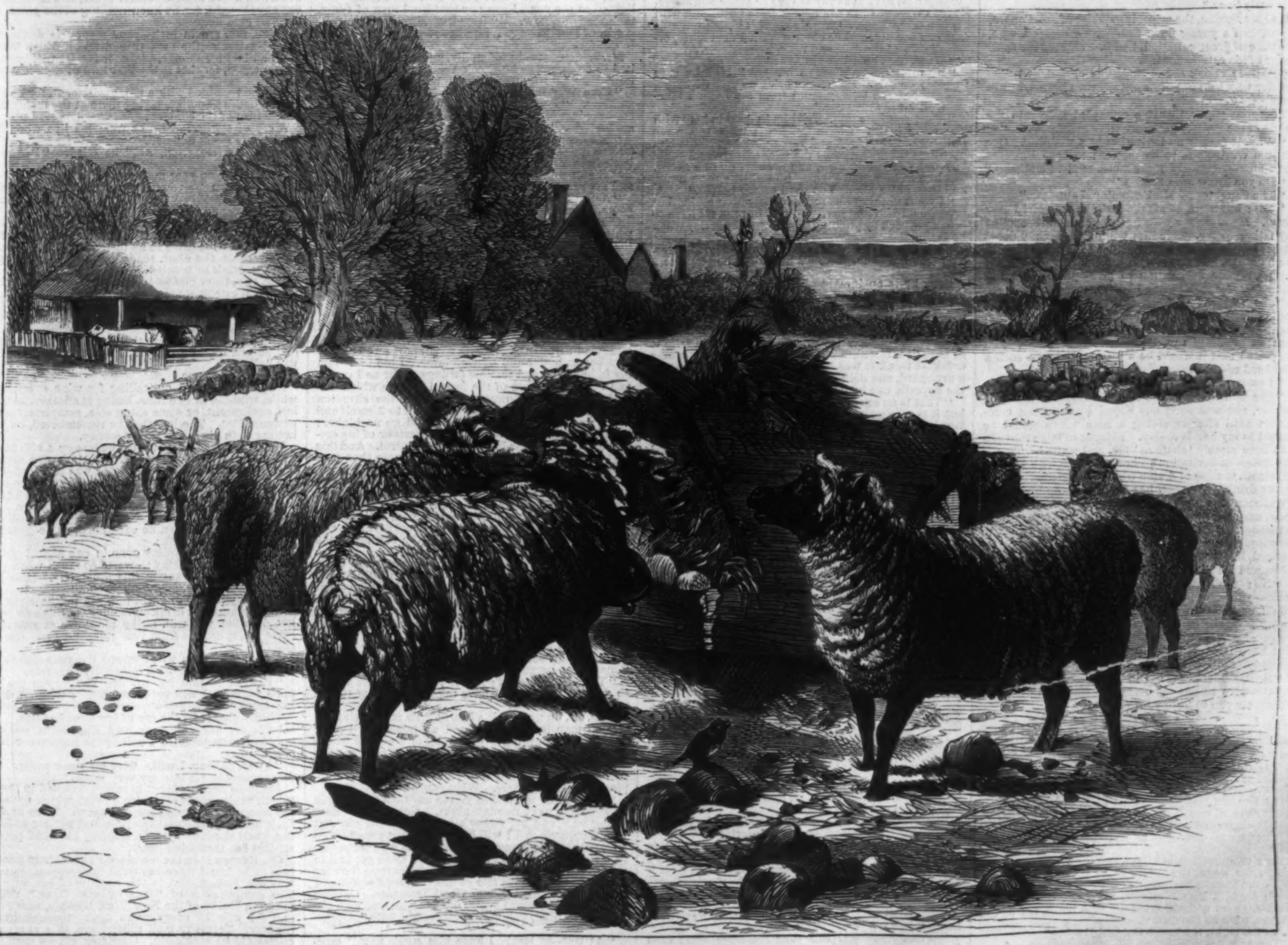
THE KING OF SIAM.

THE KING OF SIAM.

Somdetch-Phra-Paramendz-Maha-Chulalon-Korn, the reigning King of Siam, whose portrait is given on this page, is only seventeen years old. He is the fifth sovereign of the dynasty of which he is the representative. From his European education, the young King is well calculated to carry on the enlightened progress made in that strange Oriental monarchy under the auspices of his father; but the Regent is still more advanced than was his late master. This Regent, chosen to the post for his eminent qualities, is Chow-Phia-Sri-Sury-Wongse, close friend and companion of the late King, and Minister of War, in which capacity he is in direct communication with, and has enormous influence over, the council of mandarins. It is of this celebrated Siamese statesman that Sir John Bowring gives so complimentary an account in his work on Siam, where he says that in all his conversations with the "Kalahome" he found in him great judgment, and profound experience in men and things.



SUBTRACTION.—[See Page 236.]



SHEEP IN WINTER-TIME.—From a Drawing by Harrison Weir.—[See Page 236.]

"OUT OF THE DARK."

Air—"John Anderson, my Jo."

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

John Alcohol, my Jo John,
When we were first acquaint,
My eyes were bright with health, John,
My breath was free from taint;
But soon my eyes were bleared, John,
My face was full of woe,
And all because I stuck to you,
John Alcohol, my Jo.

John Alcohol, my Jo, John,
My sky was very clear
Until I met with you, John,
Then all was bleak and drear;
But now the pledge is mine, John,
And I am safe I know—
I'm fairly raised "out of the dark,"
John Alcohol, my Jo.

John Alcohol, my Jo, John,
My wife and children dear
Are glad to meet me, now, John,
Whenever I appear.
But while I kept with you, John,
Alas, it was not so,
They ran and hid away from me,
John Alcohol, my Jo.

John Alcohol, my Jo, John,
Let all your cronies mark
And inwardly digest, John,
The tale "Out of the Dark,"
'Tis in the NEW YORK WEEKLY,
And all will wiser grow
Who heed the lessons taught by it,
John Alcohol, my Jo.

NED BUNTLINE'S

GREAT PRIZE TEMPERANCE STORY.

Out of the Dark.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

By NED BUNTLINE

(E. Z. C. JUDSON).

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, could curses sink him to perdition, I would utter one at every breath. The beggar and the son of a beggar is to supplant me in my love, attain the fortune which should have been mine—look down on *me!* It drives me mad to think of it."

"What is the matter, Mr. Neville? What are you raving about? Were not your face so white, I would fancy you had been drinking, even at this unfashionably early hour."

And Mr. Selden, the princely gambler of —— Square, approached a young man, fashionably dressed, who, in a state of great agitation, had just entered the front parlor of his establishment.

"Matter? Look there, Selden, read *that*, and then wonder why I do not blow out my own brains, or kill somebody else!"

The young man thrust a crumpled note into the hands of the genteel gambler.

"Why, it is only an invitation to a wedding. One Eugene Westcott is to be married to Miss Florence Pendleton—ceremony at the house of Mr. Pendleton."

"Do you know who she is?"

"The daughter of Mr. Pendleton, I suppose."

"Yes; but more, she is the girl, the only girl I ever loved. My marriage with her would have reconciled my father to me, made him willing to pay my debts and set me up in any business that I desired. He told me as much. Yesterday, on my knees, I poured out my passionate declaration of love—pleaded for her hand as never man pleaded before.

"She was ice. I wept hot, scalding tears. She smiled derisively and told me I could get an engagement at Wallack's, I did it so naturally. I grew desperate and vowed I would blow out my brains. She suggested that it would be a pity to disfigure such a fine head of—hair.

"I swore I would drink myself to death.

"She said that was the most fashionable mode of suicide, she was sure, but hoped I would not commence until after receiving a note which would be placed in my hands to-day. I began to hope that she had been merely 'chaffing' me, and waited. This is the note—an invitation to her marriage with Eugene Westcott, the son of a man who impoverished his family by drink. Westcott has come up, step by step, in Pendleton's employment, until he is his cashier, and now, marrying his daughter, will undoubtedly become a partner. Oh, is it not enough to make one mad, to be supplanted by an upstart like him. I will be revenged, if it costs me my life. I will attend the wedding, and I'll shoot him down in his tracks."

"No; you'll not commit any such folly. You'll wait—you'll be patient; and if you want revenge, you'll make it sure, and not lay yourself liable to swing from the gallows. This fellow has come *up*—he can be dragged *down*. He has won her hand, or will have it, and most likely her love. He can be robbed of both."

"How, Selden, how? Oh, if that *could* be!"

"Contrive to get *me* invited to that wedding, and I'll enable you to have your revenge."

* * * * * * *

The wedding-day came. It had dawned without a cloud. And all day there was a busy hum of preparation until the hour of four in the afternoon came on.

Then carriage after carriage drew up before the grand mansion, and people from the first circles in the city began to crowd into the parlors.

At five the company invited were all present, and the minister, one of the most noted and eloquent in the land, waited only for the bride and groom.

They came—preceded by Mrs. Westcott on the arm of Mr. Pendleton.

In a moment, while a deep solemn silence fell over all in the room, the lovely bride stood side by side with the man of her heart's choice.

On *her* left, May Westcott, as beautiful as a poet's dream, stood without a tremor or a blush, fair as the fairest, pure as the purest.

On *his* right, the brave Colonel D——.

The ceremony, brief but affecting, went on and was concluded.

Then friends pressed forward to offer their congratulations. Foremost among the young men who did so was Alfred Neville. He disguised his envy and his *hate*, and seemed earnest and sincere when he wished them long years of happiness.

And now servants hurried forward, bearing cake and wine on silver salvers.

First to the minister, then to the bride and groom, the wine was tendered.

Alas, for one of his high calling and in his position, that minister was one who did not class total abstinence among his list of virtues. He took the wine, and seemed surprised when Eugene Westcott declined to raise his glass, and the fair bride did the same.

"I hope you are not so fanatical as to forget that there was wine at the marriage feast of Cana, when One wiser than we was present," he said. "But perhaps you belong to the Good Templars, or Sons, or Rechabites?"

"No, sir; I belong to no society. But I have lived thus far without using wine, and do not see the need of taking any now to add to the joy which fills my heart," replied young Westcott.

"Eugene, my boy, and you, too, my Florence, are right in one sense, but wrong in another. Our friends here wish to pledge you, and to refuse to lift the festive glass in response to their good wishes would be uncourteous. A single glass for *my* sake!"

Could that young husband refuse the father of her he loved, when he had no obligation to break in taking that *one* glass? Oh, had he but belonged to some order, and could he have said:

"I can not, sir, even for your sake, break my solemn pledge."

Then he might have been saved from—a future, oh, so, *so* dark!

"For your father, Florence, my own sweet wife—for no other should a single glass pass my lips," said Eugene, as he handed her one glass and took another.

She sighed, but a smile passed over her face when all the rest raised their filled glasses, and a glad health passed from lip to lip all around the room.

"*All?*" No—there were two who did not, would not touch the tempting glass.

Mrs. Westcott had seen and suffered too much in the long years which had linked her with a drunken husband, not to hate, with a spurning hatred, the deadly poison. May had heard too much from her mother's lips, even yet remembered too much of cold, and hunger, and suffering which strong drink had brought within the home of her infant days, not to dread and turn from the serpent now.

Eugene drank off the brimming glass, and as the wine ran like electric fire from vein to vein, his eye brightened, and it seemed as if he was translated into a realm of ecstasy.

Strangely did one pair of eyes glitter when they noticed the effect of a single glass of wine on Eugene Westcott.

"I have him—I *have* him. The milk-sop, in spite of his stingy years of temperance, likes the taste and the effect of wine," murmured Alfred Neville. "I know where his weak spot is, and I'll never rest till wine has done the work I might otherwise never do."

The next hour was enjoyed in pleasant converse, with wine passing from lip to lip, and then the bridal pair were escorted to the carriage which started them on a bridal tour.

The gay assemblage remained, for the old merchant had a banquet, prepared in honor of the occasion, worthy of the love he bore to the daughter whom he had given away, the son who had come unto him.

Feasting and music were the "order of the night," and while the happy wedded ones were speeding off to view the golden sands of the far Pacific, and the glories of the fairest, richest land on earth—dear California—dancing and harmonious song made the old mansion ring with joy and melody.

* * * * * * *

"What makes you look so gay to-night, Neville? Has your old man come down with a thousand or two, to enable you to do better or worse?"

It was Selden, the gambler, who asked this question of Alfred Neville, as the latter came into his rooms on —— Square, singing the popular air of "Shoo Fly."

"Gay? Why, I'm as gay as they're made nowadays. Eugene Westcott has come back from California with his blooming bride. Only *she* doesn't bloom quite as much as she did, and *he* blooms a good deal more, especially about the eyes and nose."

"What, does he drink already?"

"Nothing but California wine, but I think he goes in heavy on that. He says he has ten cases with him, and has ordered twenty more from the Latona Vineyard, all for his own use."

"Then you *have* him. Tell him to drop in here with you some night. I have California wine, too, some Calistoga, nicely *fixed*, and three glasses will set him up till he thinks he owns the sub-treasury, and could buy out Vanderbilt, Fisk, and Stewart on one check. Get him in here, and I'll play him a little for a draw, and then drain him. You shall go me halves."

"I want nothing but revenge, Selden—nothing but revenge on him and her. And I'll have it, if I have to break his neck by pitching him down a stairway when he is full."

"Good on your head, my boy. I like a good hater. You suit me to an idea. Where does he stay—at a hotel?"

"No, he is an inmate of her father's house. The old man has made him a full partner, and I guess things will rattle before all that California wine is gone."

"But the young wife may wean him off from it."

"A child that has an appetite for milk will take it as long as it is within reach. Eugene Westcott *craves* drink—I think it was born in him, for his father was a drunkard, and died of delirium tremens. They say the appetite can be inherited."

"That is an excuse which hard drinkers throw out, but it is *only* an excuse. *I* don't believe a word of it. But it will soon be time for us to light up—will you indulge to-night?"

"Yes, lightly. I feel so happy since I've seen and talked to Eugene Westcott that I hardly know how to keep my spirits down. I thought, when I saw his eyes flash over that first glass on his wedding-eve, that I saw a way open for his ruin. Now I know it. If he can only get the old gentleman into the way of liking his 'harmless' California wine, the firm will go to wreck in a little while."

* * * * * * *

Step by step Eugene Westcott was hastening on the path which leads to ruin. The appetite for drink was only increased, not appeased, by the liquor which it craved. Soon his mother, his sister, and his now thin and sad-looking wife began to realize the bitter truth—that Eugene was fast becoming a *drunkard*.

The change in his habits was one morning under discussion by the three females above-mentioned, when, in the excitement caused by the contemplation of her great grief, Mrs. Westcott remarked that "a man had better die at once than lead a drunkard's life."

"Who says I'm—*I'm* a drunkard? That's what *I* want to know. I'll have him up for slander, by Jupiter, I will!"

It was Eugene Westcott who spoke. He had come in unnoticed, while both the young women, his wife and sister, listened to the excited words of Mrs. Westcott.

His bloodshot eyes, his flushed face, his position as he held by the door-casing, all told as well as his thick utterance that he was drunk.

"Oh, Eugene—why are you away from the store at this hour?" said poor Florence, imploringly.

"The store be bothered! I had the headache this morning, and wouldn't go down. Alf Neville and I had a glorious old time last night, and I'm not over it yet. Plenty of clerks down there to do the drudgery. I'm above it now—a partner, old gal—a partner! Ha! ha!"

"Oh, Heaven! That vile man, Alfred Neville, is leading you on."

"What, Florence! call your old sweetheart such hard names! Why, he says you're an angel, all but the wings—ha! ha!—and they're a-growing—ha! ha!"

"Eugene, your wife will soon be an angel in heaven, if you do not change your course. You are breaking her heart day by day," cried Mrs. Westcott, indignantly.

"Mother, I don't like to be personal, but that's a lie. I love Florence too well to break her heart—don't I, my little wifey?"

"Oh, Eugene, I believe you love me; but if you would stop drinking, and attend to business, I'd be so happy."

"Now, you're going to preach, too. I can't bear sermons from men, let alone women. There's Steve Merritt, he was at me this morning to join the Sons, and I told him to go to——no matter what I told him. If he had said as much to me I would have knocked his two eyes into one. He only said he would go and pray for me. But good by—I'll go and hitch up my buggy, and drive over to Sneddicor's, with Alf. He said he'd like to go. They've got to keeping California wine there since *I* came back."

The young husband waved his hands, already dark and grimy with that neglect of person the drunkard always shows, and staggered away.

* * * * * * *

"Hi! hi! Two-thirty on the road!" cried Eugene Westcott, as, followed by Alfred Neville, he entered the bar-room of a noted way-side house on the road. "That is what I call life. I've been a snail until now—crept along, too, at a snail's pace. Wine—give us some of Bugbee's best Latona, and be in a hurry about it! I've got a layer of dust in my throat as thick as one of Cuyler's sermons on temperance. Ha! ha!"

The wine was brought, opened, and with clinking glasses Neville and Westcott pledged each other.

"That's the stuff!" cried Westcott, as his eyes flashed with a strange fire. "It puts new life in the veins. Huzza for California and her wines! I never knew what was good till I got hold of them. Fill up, Alf, fill up. No shirking when you're with *me*. I'm out for a time, and I'll go through. Two-forty used to be the gait, but I'm down into the thirties. Ha! ha! I told my wife I was coming out with you; and she's down on you, the little fool, because she thinks you're getting me off."

"And you know that isn't so," said Neville.

"Of course it isn't, and I tell her so. But she is getting to be a regular sniveler. I'm sick of it. The more she cries, the harder I'll drink. That's the way to tame a woman, isn't it?"

"It is one way, but not the only one."

"Then take another glass, and tell me a better. Here, boy, another bottle of wine, and be quick about it. You're slow as molasses in the winter time. Now, Neville, let's hear what other plan you have to cure a woman who snivels and frets if you 'get over the bay' once in a while, and stay out late."

"Why, let her snivel and fret *alone*. There are other women in the world, pretty ones, too, who don't snivel, and who'll drink wine with you, glass for glass, as long as they can stand."

"Jolly! That's the kind of a woman for me! Do you know any such?"

"Lots of 'em—lots of 'em, my dear fellow."

"Will you introduce me, eh?"

"You'd go and tell that baby wife."

"Thunder, no! I'm not such a fool as that. My nest is too well feathered for me to want to get out of it. I'm a full partner with the old man—profits a cool hundred thousand a year, you see. If she got a back hold of me and threw me, a divorce and all that would heave me up higher than a kite, and I'd smash coming down."

"So you would. By Jupiter! there comes that man Selden! I'd rather see any body else than him, for I owe him nine hundred dollars, and haven't got an X in my pocket to-day."

"Poh! don't let that bother you. Here is my pocket-book: pay him, and take what you need for present use; make a memorandum of the amount, and pay when you can. Not a word—take it. I was poor once, and don't forget it. Take it, and introduce me to your friend. He looks like a jolly good fellow."

"He *is;* one of the best fellows in the world, and that was one reason why I hated to remain in his debt," said Neville, accepting the well-filled pocket-book, as he cried: "Ah! good day, Mr. Selden—delighted to see you. I can pay that kind loan of yours the other day, now. My friend, Mr. Eugene Westcott—firm of Pendleton & Westcott—recently from a tour in California."

Mr. Selden bowed profoundly, ungloved, and exhibited in so doing, as he shook Westcott's hand, a solitaire-diamond ring worth thousands.

"I am very happy to see Mr. Westcott," said the gambler. "I was just admiring your team. Thoroughbreds, well matched, and they must be fast, or I am no judge."

"They come into the thirties on the road—cost me twelve thousand dollars. Join us in a bottle of Bugbee's best, Mr. Selden."

"Thank you, Mr. Westcott. I imbibe occasionally, and my great weakness is California wine."

"A bottle of wine here!" shouted Westcott. "Come, gents, here is to life that is merry, be it ever so short!"

Clinking glasses made music for the fiends below, while more and more reckless each moment became that man who was not only wrecking his own life, but darkening the existence of a dear young wife, blasting the hopes of a fond sister, of a mother whose sole joy in her declining years had been the early manhood which had made him so loved, trusted, and honored by his employer.

* * * * * * *

"Dark—oh, so dark! My poor heart will sink under this last burden!" moaned Mrs. Westcott. "I struggled through long years to support and educate that boy to honor and to usefulness. I hid from him his father's sad and terrible failings so far as I could, and even the nature of the fearful disease which carried him away. I procured for him the situation which he held so long, with such credit to himself and me, rising step by step until he could go no higher; then becoming the son-in-law and partner of his employer, with millions literally in his control. And this success, which should have made him more than ever manly—which should have fired his soul with ambition to do good and to be good, seems to hasten him on to ruin. For a course like his must end in but one way—in degradation and in death."

"Mother, let us yet hope," sighed poor little May.

"Hope, my child, against the madness of ruin? Oh, hope as well to stay the rising or the setting of the sun! I see but despair—*despair!*"

A knock at the door, and to the summons to "come in," a man, rather under than over the medium size, entered. He was evidently young—under thirty—but his face wore a grave, careworn expression that would have betokened more years to a careless observer.

"My name is Merritt," said the visitor, as May Westcott handed him a chair.

"Oh, sir, I am so glad to see you! You are the noble man who sought to persuade my son to join the Sons of Temperance?"

"Yes, Mrs. Westcott; and it was to concert a plan to get him there that I have taken the liberty to call upon you."

"Oh, sir, do not call it a *liberty*. To me a visit from a good man is a pleasure and an honor; and now, when I am mourning over the fall of a son on whom I hoped to rest in my declining years, your visit is doubly welcome. Oh, sir, if you can save him, you will do a most blessed work, and render me the happiest of living mothers. What can I do?"

"Induce him to go with you to our Cooper Institute meeting on next Sunday night. Get him, his dear young wife, and her father all to come with you and your daughter, and I will have a speaker present who will, without his knowing it, make his case a specialty. If we can so affect his mind then as to get him to sign the pledge, we will not find it difficult on the next night to get him into one of our divisions of Sons of Temperance, or a lodge of Good Templars. Once in either, with fraternal sympathies to aid, a solemn obligation to bind, you may consider him safe."

* * * * * * *

"At last—at last! I have him *surely* now!" murmured Alfred Neville, as by much persuasion he succeeded in getting Eugene Westcott to promise to go with him to the "Club House," as Selden ostentatiously named his gambling palace.

"I have him—aye—his fate is sealed! The victim of wine, once in the gambler's net, needs but one more lure, and he is gone forever," he repeated, when with him, at an early hour, he entered the parlor of Selden's house.

"Does he keep California wine here?" asked Eugene, as he glanced at the sideboard, on entering.

"The best you ever tasted. I'll ring the bell to open some," said Neville.

A black servant in livery answered the signal, and when he came—with a sly wink not observed by Westcott, but at once seen and understood by the man—Alfred Neville said:

"A bottle of that extra Napa Valley wine from the San Braman Vineyard!"

"Yes, sir!"

The wine came, was opened, and Westcott pronounced it as good, if not better, than any of his own. It was, indeed, extra, he observed.

Glass after glass was drained by him, while his companion drained his also, but in a convenient bowl near at hand, and not down his throat. Alfred Neville had purposely called for wine which he dared not drink, for he wanted all his own wits about him, while he robbed Eugene of what sense he had.

Before the bottle was emptied, Eugene Westcott was fit for any thing. The wine he drank fairly lifted him to the skies in excitement of the brain, while it seemed to leave his body free from its effects. He could walk as well as ever, and he thought he could talk better than ever he did. He could not comprehend that his tongue was thickening.

"Let us go up-stairs and see what is going on there," said Neville, playing well his part of roper-in. "It is a good three hours to supper time, and you'll see more money lost and won in that time than you can count."

Eugene Westcott never before had been inside of such a room. He had traveled to California, over it, and back, guarded by the angel presence of his pure young wife, and had not been tempted into such a place. Eugene Westcott paused and glanced around the great room, occupying all of the third story—all ablaze with gas-jets.

Tables, spread with faro-cards, monte—wheels whirling in roulette—*rouge et noir*, and the inevitable dice of "chuck luck," were posted all about, and before each there were plenty of well-dressed men tempting, as they thought, the smiles of *fortune*.

Eugene was astonished to recognize men whom he would never have suspected of coming to such a place. Men of high official position—others all-powerful in the Stock Board—still others whose paper in the mercantile world was as good as its amount in greenbacks.

"Plenty of good company up here, at any rate," he muttered. "There's old Gunnisacks, worth three millions, and president of half a dozen Reform societies, if one. I suppose he is here to save some brand from the burning. But no—he is betting money on those cards!"

"Yes, bucking against faro, while Selden deals. Let us watch the game," said Neville.

He knew too much to hint now to Eugene to play. The desire would come soon enough when that drugged wine had full effect on his elated brain.

Eugene pressed up among the players, was greeted with a pleasant word and smile by Selden, which he acknowledged blandly, while he watched the game.

"I believe I'll risk a hundred on the ace," said Neville, now, as Selden quietly raised one finger, looking him in the eye.

He laid down two fifty-dollar notes on the ace. The very next slide of the cards doubled his money.

Two fingers raised by Selden, observed only by Neville, caused him to say, "now I'll try the king"—for they indicated the second card of importance.

"Why, what luck you're in! You've won again!" cried Westcott, in surprise.

"Yes, I'm in luck to-night—shall I bet a thousand for you?" said the roper-in.

"No, thank you; I'll bet for myself. If you can win, so can I."

And Eugene took out his pocket-book, and drawing out a half dozen hundred-dollar notes, laid them without any thought, for he knew nothing of the game, on the first card he saw.

"You, too, are in luck—your money is doubled," cried Neville, as the card turned up on which Westcott had laid his money. "Let it lay—it will be sure to win again, for that is the first turn of the Jack this deal."

Eugene trembled with a new excitement, for he had twelve hundred dollars laying there at the mercy of a single turn of the cards.

A cry of exultation broke from his lips when his money was again doubled.

"You're a magician, Alf," he cried. "I've won again."

"Yes; take up your money, now, or you'll lose."

"Thank you for your advice, but it conflicts with my judgment. I'll try that Jack again," cried Eugene.

He did so, and lost.

"Well—that's only luck. I won twice, to losing once. Let's have a bottle of wine, and I'll try more."

The extra wine came in an instant. Watchful servants were on the alert, ready to furnish any player with the drink he wanted.

One, two, three glasses in quick succession, and then Eugene Westcott was *primed* for the game.

"A thousand dollars on a single card? You bet high, Mr. Westcott!" exclaimed Selden.

Eugene laughed wildly.

"I'd like to see the man that can afford to bet higher," he cried. "I'll double if I lose—quadruple if I win."

He won, of course.

And now he went on, calling for wine every little while, winning at one time, losing at another, until at last excitement, or some thing else, completely overpowered him. The last that he remembered, he was betting with his hands full of money.

When next he knew himself, he was on a sofa in the house of his father-in-law. A wet cloth was around his head, and kneeling by his side was the dear little girl whom he had vowed to love and cherish so long as he lived, when she became his wife. From her he learned that Alf Neville had brought him home, dead drunk, at three o'clock in the morning. On realizing the extent of his folly, he exclaimed, as he gazed at his empty pocket-book:

"Ten thousand dollars gone in one night! Oh, it is infamy! It is infamy to waste so much when people are dying of want in this great city. Hate me, Florence—hate me, for I hate myself."

"No, my husband, I will not, can not hate you. I grieve because you drink—I shudder at this new peril, but do what you will, strike me down at your feet, curse me, spurn me from your side, and *I will love you still!*"

And the sobbing wife pressed her pure lips to his hot brow, while her tears rained over his face.

"Florence," said he, sobbing also, "you are too good for me. I will try to reform. I will not drink any more."

Wildly glad rang the cry of joy from her lips.

"Oh, my husband—my own Eugene, if you will only keep this promise, I will be the happiest wife on earth."

"I will, darling, I will. Give me some water. The fever seems to eat into my very vitals."

Again he drank of that beverage distilled in the cerulean vaults of heaven, with a relish which none but the fever-parched inebriate can know. Then he sank back into a quiet slumber, while she, patient and loving, knelt there by his side, holding his hand pressed against her throbbing heart.

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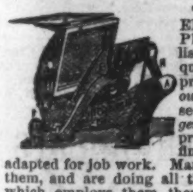

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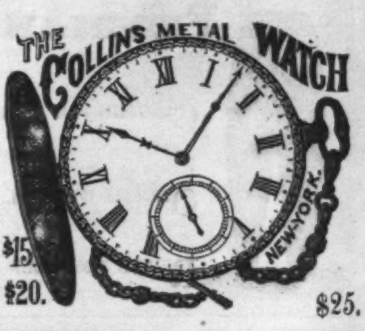

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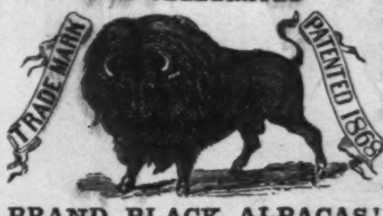

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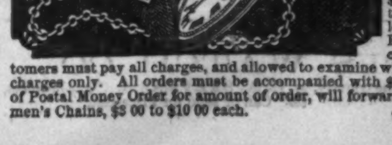

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